

Collier's

THE NAT



If you want to read

The Best

SHORT STORIES

of the year, buy the

August

Fiction Number

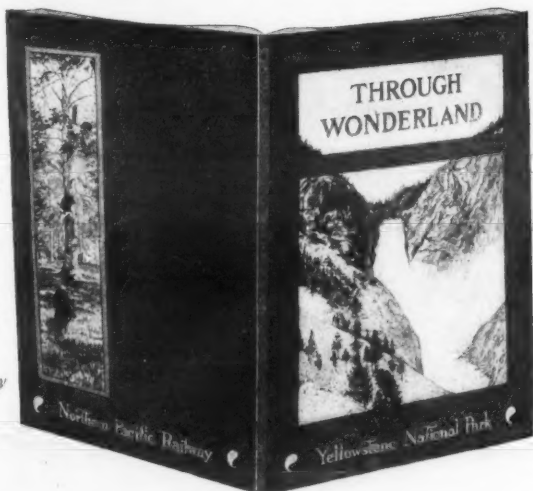
of

Scribner's

Magazine

ON ALL NEWS-STANDS

Visit
Yellow-
stone
this
Summer.
Low
Excursion
Fares.
Through
Sleeping
Cars to
the
Boundary



Northern
Pacific
is the
ONLY
line to
Gardiner
Gateway
—Official
Entrance

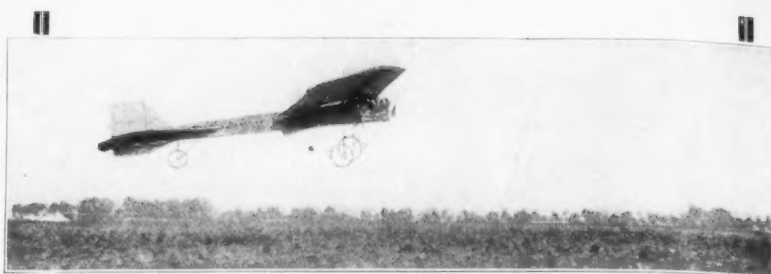
Yellowstone Park de luxe book

Six cents in stamps brings this beautiful 72-page book to you laden with the very atmosphere of "Wonderland." Size 7 1/2 x 10 inches. Sixteen full-page four-color plates and a score of soft one-color half-tones. Easily worth a dollar and by far the handsomest book on the Park ever published. Send six cents in stamps to

A. M. CLELAND, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, 6 Broadway, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Northern Pacific Railway

The Scenic Highway through the Land of Fortune
Please mention Collier's Weekly



Koechlin Monoplane in Flight

Let Your Own Judgment Decide the Speed Indicator Problem

Before you buy a speed indicator, make a thorough investigation.

Examine carefully the different types; then ask all the experienced motorists of your acquaintance for their opinion.

It is this sort of investigation that sells the Warner Auto-Meter.

For it is not because it costs more that the Warner Auto-Meter is the "Aristocrat of Speed Indicators."

But because it is the aristocrat of speed indicators—the one absolutely accurate and dependable instrument—and because that accuracy is not merely temporary but lasts as long as the instrument itself, it necessarily costs more than a haphazard contrivance.

Our booklet will interest you. Write or call for it.

Warner Instrument Co., 908 Wheeler Avenue, Beloit, Wis.



BRANCHES: Atlanta, 116 Edgewood Avenue; Boston, 925 Boylston Street; Buffalo, 720 Main Street; Chicago, 2420 Michigan Avenue; Cincinnati, 807 Main Street; Cleveland, 2062 Euclid Avenue; Denver, 1315 Broadway; Detroit, 879 Woodward Avenue; Indianapolis, 320 321 N. Illinois Street; Kansas City, 1613 Grand Avenue; Los Angeles, 748 S. Olive Street; New York, 1902 Broadway; Philadelphia, 202 N. Broad Street; Pittsburgh, 1940 Kirkwood Street; San Francisco, 26-28 Van Ness Avenue; Seattle, 611 E. Pike Street; St. Louis, 3923 Olive Street. [78]

Time and Chance

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



BORN into life without our permission, and being sent out of it against our will, Time is our one brief possession. Three thousand years ago Ecclesiastes wrote:

"I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill, but TIME and CHANCE happeneth to them all."

Are we masters of Time? In degree, yes, but the time to secure Life-Insurance is when you can. When life is full of joy, and hope soars high, and walking hand in hand, we sing the lovers' litany, "Love like ours can never die," then is the time to insure against the evil days to come. ♣ The savage can not project his imagination from the Summer to the Winter. When the sun shines and the South Wind blows, he can not believe that grim winter will ever rage. There is where the savage differs from the Enlightened Man. The Winter and the snow will come to us all, but we smile with a quiet satisfaction when we realize that we know the worst, and have prudently provided against it. ♣ Time and Chance! We extend the one and disarm the other by the aid of Life-Insurance. Chance comes only to individuals, but in the Law of Average there is no chance. And the stronger your Company the more is Chance put on Time's Toboggan. ♣ Life-Insurance does not actually insure you against death but it provides for the papooses without fail in case of your call. Also it insures your peace of mind, and makes you more of a man—a better, healthier, happier, stronger, abler and more competent man. Thus is an extension placed upon Time, through the checkmate of Chance.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death claims on the day it receives them
Paul Morton, President 120 Broadway, New York City

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there—Great opportunities to-day in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.

FOR
PRICKLY
HEAT
AND
IRRITATED
SKIN
USE

Packer's
Tar Soap

AND—



DON'T SCRATCH!

Prickly Heat Chafing Sunburn

and other skin irritations common to the summer respond at once to the soothing and emollient action of

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Directions for Use:—

To promptly relieve itching and smarting, cleanse thoroughly with Packer's Tar Soap, then apply a lather and pat dry with a towel, repeating as often as desired. This not only removes acrid secretions, but soothes the sensitive nerve endings in the skin and gives immediate relief.

THE PACKER MFG. CO.
81 Fulton St., New York



Collier's



|| Saturday, July 23, 1910 ||

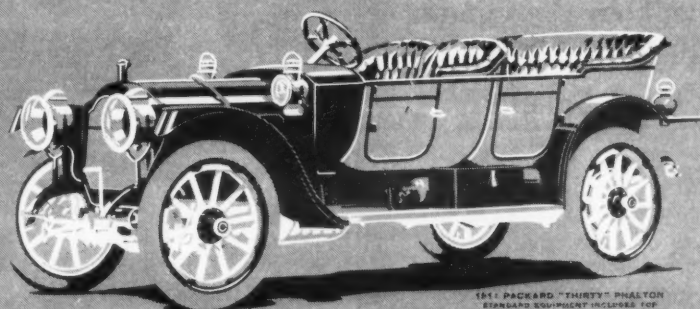
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VOLUME XLV

NUMBER 18

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Ask the man who owns one



PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan



"Always found in
good company"

"The Hosiery of a
Gentleman"

Shaw Knit
TRADE MARK
Socks de Luxe

A LIGHT, SILKY, BRILLIANT Lisle sock, possessing FINISH, CORRECT SHAPE and FASTNESS OF COLOR, meeting every demand of the well-dressed man.

Price, 35 cents per pair, or three pairs for \$1.00 in attractive boxes. Transportation charges prepaid to any part of the U. S. Made in sizes from 9 to 11½ inclusive, in a wide variety of colors, as follows:

- Style T10—Black
- " T20—Cardinal
- " T21—Burgundy
- " T30—Tan
- " T40—Tuscan Gold
- " T50—Hunter Green
- " T60—Navy Blue
- " T61—Marine Blue
- " T62—Cadet Blue
- " T70—Royal Purple
- " T71—Heliotrope
- " T72—Gun Metal Gray

Your Haberdasher Should
Supply You

A DRESSY SOCK
COOL FOR SUMMER
WEAR



Send to-day for free Illustrated
Catalogue

SHAW STOCKING CO.
39 Smith Street

LOWELL MASS.

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 65

THE RELATION OF ADVERTISING TO PUBLIC PROGRESS

IN a speech delivered before the Advertising Forum of the West Side Y. M. C. A., New York, Mr. William H. Ingersoll, advertising manager of the Ingersoll Watch Company, illustrated strikingly the value of advertising to the public. I quote the following from his address:

"Recently a Chicago economist said that advertising was a waste. Just a word on that score. The world is supported by two things—production and distribution.

"Suppose a certain man invents a dish-washing machine which could save many hours' work for mothers of families and enable them, therefore, to give more time to their children. In that way such a machine would be a real service to society. But suppose that inventor does not advertise his machine, it does not sell, society is not benefited. Business is a service to society and anything that creates business, as for instance, advertising, is a service to society.

"I believe advertising is a great creative force in its largest sense. It consists of an effort to lower the cost of distribution, and the cost of distribution is a great factor in the cost of production."

In these bulletins I have often called attention to the fact that advertising has been a great force for

civilization and I have also pointed out its tendency to standardize both the quality and price of any given line of products. We owe the low cost of nearly every labor-saving device we have in household use to the fact that advertising created a market wide enough for wholesale production.

We owe our present standard of average intelligence partly to the district school, but almost equally to the advertising that has placed newspapers, magazines and reading matter of all descriptions in the humblest homes and in the remotest farm-houses.

To advertising we owe the development of a hundred prepared foods which are palatable, nourishing and economical. Advertising has brought out the stylish, ready-to-wear clothing. It has developed the low cost modern heating and lighting plants for individual homes. It has brought into almost general use the vacuum cleaner, and advertising has also brought education in all lines by correspondence within the reach of those who could not advance in any other way.

Advertising has been the main force in accomplishing these and other social benefits, because their development depended upon the establishment of a wide market and that in turn depended upon letting the people everywhere know of them.

T. L. Patterson
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"Eliminating Fraudulent Advertising"



Copyright 1908 By A. Stein & Co

PARIS GARTERS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

NO METAL can touch you

YEAR ROUND COMFORT

25¢ 50¢ and \$1.00
Dealers or direct upon receipt of price

A. STEIN & Co. Makers
Congress St. and Center Ave. Chicago

Will you accept an Aluminum TOOTH BRUSH HOLDER with our Compliments?

If so, the next time you need a dentifrice, purchase a tube of Zodenta from your druggist. It's the nicest tooth preparation you can use anyway, and you'll never use any other dentifrice after you have once used Zodenta. Cut out the coupon printed below and hand to your druggist and he will give you the Tooth Brush Holder without any additional charge. If your druggist doesn't have Zodenta send us 25c and we will mail tube and Tooth Brush Holder postpaid.

ZODENTA

is a tooth preservative, entirely different from ordinary pastes because the ingredients are blended together by intense heat—cooked in fact—not just mixed together.

Zodenta prevents the formation of tartar—that substance which eats the enamel and destroys the teeth, because it dissolves all injurious deposits and hardens the delicate enamel so that foreign substances have no effect upon it. Zodenta keeps the teeth white, is strongly antiseptic, destroys all poisons and disease germs and leaves a clean, wholesome taste in the mouth and a fragrant odor on the breath.

F. F. INGRAM CO., 59 Tenth St., Detroit and Windsor, Can.
Manufacturers of MILKWEED CREAM for the Complexion

FREE TOOTH BRUSH HOLDER COUPON

To Any Druggist:

Upon receipt of 25c for one tube of Zodenta (for the teeth) please give to the holder of this coupon one of our Aluminum Family Tooth Brush Holders.

The F. F. Ingram Co., Detroit, Mich.

Name _____

Address _____

If the Tooth Brush Holders have not been received, mail coupon to us, give us customer's name and we will mail Tooth Brush Holder direct.

10 shots quick

Is yours an egg shell home?

Suppose your wife, your mother or sister, left alone in the house, should wake up tonight and find a burglar in her room. What would she do?

Suppose she were left alone, and a tramp, or a drunk or vicious person should come to the house and attack her. What could she do by way of resistance?

Nothing. Absolutely nothing! She would be helpless—helpless as a little child.

Get her the new "human arsenal"—the new Savage Automatic. We call it a pistol, but, in reality, it should be called a "human protector"—a human protector in the condensed form of pocket arm. It converts your home from a helpless, defenseless, egg shell of a place, into an arsenal. It converts your wife, mother or sister into an arsenal. It actually makes her able to put up a crack shot's defense, for any novice can aim it as expertly as any crack shot, and it is the quickest pocket arm ever built—gets in the first (vital) shot.

Please send us the name of the retailer from whom you buy fire arms, and we'll have him show you the new Savage Automatic quick. Do it today, and take your wife, mother and sister out of their defenseless egg shell and put them into an impregnable arsenal.

The new Savage Automatic loads ten shots at a time. Shoots one at a time, as fast as you pull the trigger. You can't realize what this rapid fire gun is until you read "Bat" Masterson's book, "The Tenderfoot's Turn." Sent free for your dealer's name on a post card.

SAVAGE RIFLES

Ask your dealer to show you the new Savage .22 calibre repeating rifle, 1909 model. Price \$10.00. Send today for free rifle book. Savage Arms Company, 827 Savage Avenue, Utica, New York.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Keepkool UNDERWEAR

THE porous idea in underwear was never given practical expression until *Keepkool* was invented and patented—for

***Keepkool* is the only elastic ribbed porous underwear**

Keepkool allows the figure unrestricted freedom of movement—fits easily and smoothly—never binds or bags or loses shape.

Keepkool is soft and silky—sheer and strong—cool and airy. It looks like, feels like and wears like underwear at double its cost.

Made in knee length and ankle length drawers, short or long sleeves and athletic shirts.

For Men (Shirts and Drawers) 50c per garment For Boys (Shirts and Drawers) 25c per garment

Union Suits for Men, \$1.00—for Boys, 50c

If your dealer can't supply you with *Keepkool* underwear, we will.

Write for catalog and sample of *Keepkool* fabric.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Dept. A, Albany, N. Y.



COLLIER'S NATIONAL HOTEL DIRECTORY

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Beach Hotel

American or European Plan



FINEST HOTEL ON THE GREAT LAKES
An ideal resort, uniting city gaieties with the quiet of country and seashore. It is delightfully situated on the shore of Lake Michigan, close to the great South Parks and but 10 minutes' ride from the theatre and shopping district. 450 large outside rooms—250 private baths—1,000 feet of broad veranda overlooking lake. Always cool, refreshing breezes—smooth, sandy bathing beach nearby—very comfort and convenience—all summer attractions. Tourists, transients and summer guests find hearty welcome. For booklet, address Manager, 51st Boulevard and Lake Shore, Chicago.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

WHY PAY EXTRA VAGANT HOTEL RATES?
The **CLENDENING** 198 W. 103 St., N. Y. Select Home-like, Economical Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath \$1.50 daily and up. WRITE FOR BOOKLET WITH MAP OF CITY.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Hotel Savoy "12 stories of solid comfort." Concrete, steel and marble. In fashionable shopping district. 210 rooms, 135 baths, Eng. grill, \$1.50 up.

TOURS

CLARK'S ORIENT CRUISE

FEB. 4, \$400 up for 71 Days. All Expenses. FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, NEW YORK

STYLE ECONOMY **LITHOLIN** Fit COMFORT
WATERPROOFED LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS.

MAKE the DUST FLY
You can "make the dust fly" from
Litholin
Waterproofed Linen
Collars and Cuffs

Just a wipe with a damp cloth and they are as white as when new. Never wilt or fray and last long. Perspiration-proof, rain-proof, always neat. They have that dull linen finish.

Avoid imitations and substitutes.

COLLARS 25c. CUFFS 50c.

If not at your dealer's, send, giving style, size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid.

Booklet of styles free.

THE FIBERLOID CO.
7 Waverly Place, New York

Hot Water Always Ready

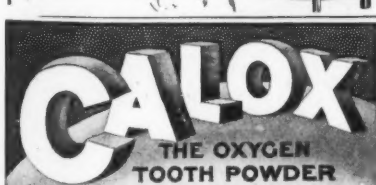
The "Dayton-Ohio" is a line of simple, efficient water heaters. They burn gas, gasoline, or acetylene, and convert a flowing stream of cold water into hot. There is no storage of water and, therefore, no wasted fuel. Heaters are handsomely nickel-plated.

Finishes recommended "Dayton-Ohio" heaters where inexpensive eyes are needed, and where a quick, supplementary supply is desirable. Easy to install—clasp to maintain—easy to operate.

Write for Catalog today

Explaining how all night long vent piping is done away with.

McCormick Mfg. Co.
Dept. A Dayton, Ohio



CALOX
THE OXYGEN
TOOTH POWDER

Clean teeth never decay
The nearest approach to perfect cleanliness of the teeth is obtained by the daily use of Calox.
"THE OXYGEN DOES IT."
ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 CENTS
Simple and booklet free on request.
McKESSON & ROBBINS, NEW YORK

Belmont School

(FOR BOYS)

Belmont, California, 25 miles south of San Francisco, believes that it reasonably well meets the moral, physical and intellectual requirements of careful parents. Write for specific information.

W. T. Reid, A. M. (Harvard), Head Master.
W. T. Reid, Jr., A. M. (Harvard), Asst. Head Master.

MONEY MADE GROWING VIOLETS

Easily grown out doors in cheap cold frames and gardens or in the house in pots and boxes. Good demand; costs little to start. A sensible business for both men and women. Write for our free illustrated booklet and learn how. Our plants are fine new stock. We help you to succeed.

ELITE CONSERVATORIES, Dept. B, HYDE PARK, MASS.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, July 23, 1910



Next week's issue will be the Household and Fiction Number and together with the regular features will contain two extremely interesting but widely different stories, both illustrated in color

Heroes

By JAMES B. CONNOLLY

Illustrated by W. J. Aylward

An Hour and a Half

By ARTHUR COLTON

Illustrated by F. C. Yohn

A Tale of the Sea

There is always something gripping in a story of the sea—the hugeness and the mystery of the ocean impart themselves to every tale which has to do with ships and accidents and storms. James B. Connolly is especially successful in transcribing this; together with the thoughts and language of the humble stokers who swelter in the fire-rooms of a transatlantic greyhound.

A stoker has a curious point of view—looking up at the great steel edifice pitching over him, with its tiers of laboring men and salty odors, to the stratum of luxury and ease; and especially so when an accident occurs, and the green deluge pours down from over his head while he is tossed blindly about between the walls.

Dinnie and Geordie, stokers on the Mediterranean liner pushing at high speed through a Newfoundland fog, are confronted by such a situation in "Heroes." Moreover, they have on their hands the little stowaway, whom they had smuggled aboard when his father died. "The littleness of him, Dinnie!" exclaimed Geordie as they had tucked him out of sight. "Like a sardine in a box," said Dinnie. "I would be fine, though, could we be payin' the passage money oursel's, wouldn't it, Geordie? But we couldn't hardly be doin' that on our wages."

Then there were the two officers—"the 'eroes—(Gawd if the likes o' them be 'eroes, Dinnie, then wot of us?)"—Cummings, the New Yorker, and the manager of the steamship company, who knew the law.

A Pilgrimage for Emotion

Some men have a knack for adventure—it seeks them out incognito, lurks for them around each corner, falls upon them from behind. To such a man adventure has no tinges; it is mediocre,—unperturb- ing—and it leaves in his heart a fathomless ennui.

Thomas Tully—"T. T., Teetee, Tullius, or Tommy"—who could not remember why the six bleary-eyed Mongolians, who had intended to knock his head to pieces, did not, retained a mild, but none the less persistent, yearning for emotion. His brother-in-law, "who had young-eyed cherubim choiring in his innerness," and whose reckless superlatives and vigorous fondness were a matter of awe to T. T., advised him of a cure.

T. T., or Teetee, Tullius, or Tommy, enters a boat to meditate; and disposes himself to the empyrean. But his old aptitude for adventure interrupts, and hurries him along through much perplexity, which includes a young lady who "seemed by the starlight to be small, slender, dainty, immaculate in white duck, with dark hair rolling out from beneath her Panama hat."

More Vacation Prizes

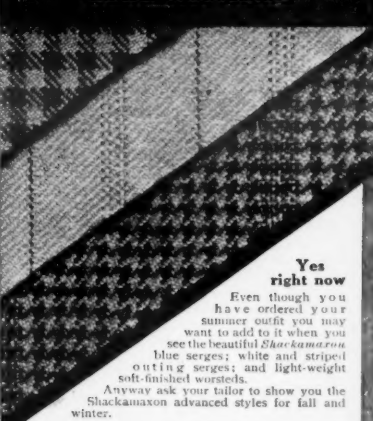
So successful have the two competitions already held proved that Collier's renews the offer of last year: \$100 will be paid for the best 1,000-word, or less, manuscript describing an actual vacation experience, \$50 will be the second prize, and \$25 will go to the writer of every other manuscript we accept. Contributions must be mailed before October 1. Many manuscripts will come in, and all will be read—unless they come rolled. Naturally, those who will read them would prefer to have them typewritten.

Without intending to describe what a good story about a vacation is, perhaps a hint or two would help those who find it hard to transfer to paper the sense of joy or helpfulness they felt in that brief free time of the year. Don't waste time telling the details of why you went where you did—perhaps the decision took a long time and caused much discussion in your family—but, you see, that really wasn't part of your vacation. Many writers use too many words to get the vacation started.

10 July 23

"Shackamaxon"

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE
Guaranteed fabrics



Yes right now

Even though you have ordered your summer outfit you may want to add to it when you see the beautiful Shackamaxon blue serges; white and striped outing serges; and light-weight soft-finished worsteds. Anyway ask your tailor to show you the Shackamaxon advanced styles for fall and winter.

In clothes properly fashioned from these high-grade reliable fabrics you are as well dressed as a man can be.

They are every thread pure live-fleece wool—the long silky fibre; perfectly woven and finished; thoroughly shrunken; permanently dyed. And they hold their shape and style to the end. This means lasting satisfaction.

We make these fabrics in our own mills for merchant tailors only—thousands of tasteful and exclusive designs. Any good tailor will get them for you.

Look for the "Shackamaxon" trade-mark on every suit pattern; and remember:—

If any fault develops in any Shackamaxon fabric any time, we will make it good.

Write us or ask your tailor for the interesting Shackamaxon booklet, "A Well-Dressed Man".

J. R. Keim & Co.
Shackamaxon Mills Philadelphia

Amateur Photographers

Find added pleasure and encouragement in their work as a result of our ability to obtain for them the maximum of quality from their negatives. We are the largest operators in the United States, developing and printing exclusively for amateur photographers. The results obtained by our chemists have proven to thousands of amateurs in all parts of the world that the most gratifying results can only be obtained by entrusting the developing and printing of their films to men who have been qualified by years of experience to manipulate them.



Send for booklet "Hints to Amateurs," and complete price list, FREE.

Developing: Brownie No. 1 and 2 Films 5c. All other sizes of Roll Films 6 to 12 exposures, 10c per roll.

STEMMERMAN 50 Howe Ave.
Photo-Craft Laboratories Passaic, N. J.

Poultry Pays

If Norwich Automatic Exerciser and Feeder is used. Rat, Sparrow and Rain proof. Feeds just enough grain to chickens 6 weeks old and older. Gives exercise, saves feed—labor; increases eggs, hastens growth, stops loss; makes poultry keeping pleasant, profitable. Thousands in use, inexpensive. Send today for free trial offer. Agents wanted—Big seller. Address

RIVER HOME POULTRY YARDS

319 N. St. Clair St. Toledo, O.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES

MAKE BIG MONEY

Almost no limit to the profits showing in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theatres, etc., or operating FIVE CENT THEATRES. We show you how to conduct the business, furnish complete outfit. We rent films and slides. Write today. Catalogue free.

CHICAGO PROJECT-NG CO. 225 Dearborn St., Dept. 162, Chicago

\$180,340.00
MADE BY MY CLIENTS
You Should Have My Free Book
PATENTS telling HOW OTHERS will do the same IN THE FUTURE.
"WHAT and HOW to INVENT" book free!
E. E. VROOMAN, Patent Lawyer, 852F, Washington, D. C.

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PATENTS **WATSON E. COLEMAN**
Patent Lawyer, 612 F St., Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



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Jason and His Teacher, Chiron the Centaur

The eighth and last of the series of paintings by Maxfield Parrish, depicting scenes from the Wonder Tales of Greek Mythology

JASON, the son of the dethroned King Aeson of Iolchos, received his early education from Chiron the Centaur, who had the body of a horse and the head and shoulders of a man. Chiron kept school in a great cave in the mountains, and some of his scholars grew up to be men of undying fame. Achilles and Hercules studied under the strange schoolmaster, and Jason's skill with the bow and arrow was due to the efforts of this accomplished teacher in the fine arts of those early days. The Centaur had his frivolous moments, too, and would often literally "play horse" with his pupils in his hilly retreat; and years afterward the grandchildren of Chiron's scholars would listen and marvel at the tales of the wonderful school-days of their ancestors. Jason was a bright lad and profited by his years under Chiron's tutelage; especially did he become proficient in horsemanship and in the use of the rude implements of warfare peculiar to his day.

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Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street
NEW YORK

July 23, 1910

Taft's Best Service

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES consists of one Chief Justice and eight Justices. Since Mr. TAFT has been President two Justices have died, and he has appointed their successors. The recent death of Chief Justice FULLER gives him that vacancy to fill; the provision for the retirement of Justice MOODY makes still another probable. One other Justice has fulfilled the conditions of age and length of service which give him the right to elect retirement with pay. It is given to few men on earth to name a majority of what may be called, even by those who are cautious about superlatives, the group of men which is more impressive and more charged with power than any other in the world. President TAFT so far has met this responsibility with a due sense of its gravity, and fulfilled it in a way that has secured the approbation not only of those most competent to judge, but also of those whose knowledge is necessarily casual, yet whose interest is strong. Lawyers and students of the law, whose contact with Justice LURTON and his decisions renders them most competent to form a correct judgment, say that his work, both before and since President TAFT appointed him to the Supreme Court, compels the statement that this was an ideal appointment. So also was the appointment of HUGHES. In any discussion of the faults of President TAFT's Administration, and his lack of clear purpose in other matters, these appointments should be remembered. And when his deplorable course in connection with the tariff is brought forward, it should also be recalled that on his character rests universal confidence about his future appointments to the Supreme Court. On the Court whose majority President TAFT will appoint will rest responsibilities as grave as those which were borne by MARSHALL and TANEY. This Court must guide us through an economic evolution, and find ways of adjusting our written Constitution to changing ethical standards. We are going to continue to have larger and larger units of organization in industry; whoever denies that sets his face against the progress of intelligence. But we are going to see that less of the profits which result from the economies of large organization shall go to the organizers and more to the public through whose grace substantial monopoly is permitted.

The Scrubwomen

THE CLEANING AND SCRUBBING in most of the big office buildings in Washington, D. C., is done by white women. They work at night, beginning usually about seven and continuing until various hours of the night and morning. The opportunity to do this work is especially sought after by women with very young babies—women who can not accept day-time jobs, because their babies are awake and must be looked after. Washington has more than enough idle men, white and colored, to clean five times as many office buildings as the city has. This is a pretty unpleasant situation; revolutions have been worked upon a basis of wrong no more acute, merely more widespread. And yet no one individual or group of individuals is to be blamed; it is just naturally one of the conditions of things as they are. It is one of the cases which justify the Socialists, and give them their opportunity for highly useful service, continually to point out that this is not as well-ordered a world, nor as efficiently managed as the sum of human intelligence ought to be able to make it.

California's Chance

NO MAN WOULD BECOME a successful politician if he were the sort of person who allows his wishes to be fogged by his perception of the facts. That is why prominent Republicans are so frank, in private conversation, about the strength of the Insurgent movement. All of them admit that with the issue clearly understood and all the votes out, the Insurgents in the Republican Party would outnumber the Stand-patters three to one. The Insurgents have two handicaps; they are not organized, and in the most populous sections of the country there are no direct primaries, which means that the Insurgents have no chance to come out and be counted—the machine makes the ticket, and the Insurgents must either vote for it or leave the party. Now California is unusually fortunate: in that State the Insurgents, under the name of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, are better organized than in any other State, except in the small number where they have gained control of the official Republican committees; also, California now has the direct primary. In addition to this, the Insurgents have put forward a splen-

did set of candidates for the nominations, which will be made August 16. Their candidate for Governor, HIRAM U. JOHNSON, adds an engaging personality to high capacity, persistent opposition to the Southern Pacific political machine, and lifelong identity with everything that California has to be proud of. And if California knew how immeasurably her prestige at Washington would be increased by the presence of one—to mention one only—of the Insurgent candidates for Congress, there would be no doubt of the success of WILLIAM KENT over DUNCAN E. MCKINLAY.

A Senator

THE NEWSPAPERS, some months ago, printed advertisements which solicited the public to buy 40,000 shares of the stock of the Arizona Metals Company at \$2.50 per share (par value, \$5.00). The advertisements set forth hopes and prospects in the manner common to such solicitations, but the larger type was reserved for the legend:

"Senator CHARLES DICK, President, Washington, D. C."

There is nothing uncommon in a Senator's being an investor in a mining company—witness the cases of PENROSE and GUGGENHEIM. But where DICK differs from the others is in this: there is no similar recent record of a Senator publicly lending his name and office as a lure to small investors to buy stocks. Some of the others might do in secret things much more gravely improper, but they would hardly do what DICK has done in this case. Incidentally, a few weeks ago, the advertising agent who put out these announcements sued for the amount of his bill; as a part of the suit, the furniture in the company's office was attached, whereupon it appeared that the office furniture didn't belong to the company, but had been loaned to it. One curious episode in this history was Senator DICK's violent protests when the advertisement was placed in the Cleveland "Plain Dealer." What was the reason? Was he willing to allow the use of his name outside of Ohio, but not before the eyes of his own constituents? Or did he object to the revenue going to a newspaper which is opposed to him politically? Either would be possible and characteristic in the case of a man of Senator DICK's caliber. Somehow the very smallness and cheapness of the things that make this Senator objectionable seem the less compatible with a State like Ohio.

One English Paper

THE LONDON "SATURDAY REVIEW" looks like a sober and accurate paper; in appearance it has all the staid dignity of our own "Atlantic Monthly." Its style suggests that its editors and writers must be scholarly men, and it must find its support among educated persons, or nowhere. A recent number contains this example of an animus and lack of information easy to duplicate in any other issue:

"Does Mr. BAUFOR know how Englishmen are spoken of by the rising generation of Americans in New York and Washington? Englishmen are called in conversation, and frequently in the press, 'dagos,' a most insulting term used to designate the lowest class of Italian immigrants."

The easiest retort would be to challenge the "Review" to tell the title, date, and page of the American paper which referred to Englishmen as "dagos." When CECIL RHODES founded his Oxford scholarships, in order that there might be a heaven of knowledge about England among American educated men, he did not exhaust the possibilities of similar beneficence.

A Suggestion for Virginians

CERTAIN CIRCULARS and other literature of exploitation which are put out to encourage the sale of stock in the Jamestown Portland Cement Corporation, contain maps of Yorktown, Virginia, with the land owned by the corporation indicated in solid black. If the map-makers have not allowed enthusiasm to prevail over accuracy, this corporation seems to own the entire site of the battle of Yorktown, and proposes to dig it up and ship it away as cement. Surely, there must be many persons in Virginia sufficiently appreciative of historic associations to look into this matter promptly and carefully.

A Human Being

WILLIAM GILBERT was in love with VIOLA HUGHES and was engaged to be married to her. He became jealous, and four days before the date fixed for their wedding he—this is the official language—"armed himself with a revolver, went where she was, waited

long to see her, and within five minutes after coming into her presence shot her in the back when he was so near to her that the discharge set her clothing on fire." At the subsequent trial the defendant's lawyers—we again quote the official language of the Court—"filed a demurrer to the indictment upon the ground that the facts stated do not constitute a crime. *The objection relied upon is that it does not appear on the face of the indictment that Viola Hughes was 'a human being.'*" In passing upon this defense, Justice IRVING GOODWIN VANN, of the New York Court of Appeals, uttered these words:

"The objection is purely technical, and technical objections are no longer regarded as serious unless they are so thoroughly supported by authority that they can not well be disregarded, even under the latitude of the statute relating to the subject. The criminal law is fast outgrowing those technicalities which grew up when the punishment for crime was so severe as in many cases to shock the moral sense of lawyers, judges, and the public generally. When stealing a handkerchief worth one shilling was punished by death, and there were nearly two hundred different capital offenses, it was to the credit of humanity that technicalities should be invoked in order to prevent the cruelty of a strict and literal enforcement of the law. Those times have passed, for the criminal law is no longer harsh or inhumane, and it is fortunate for the safety of life and property that technicalities, to a great extent, have lost their hold. We overrule the contention of the defendant in regard to the indictment, because it is founded on a technicality, with no support in authority and with but slight support in reason."

Here is splendid common sense and intellectual courage. Courts, judges, and lawyers are disposed by education and experience to attach so much weight to technicalities and hair-splitting that they have become unable to understand, or even to realize, the existence of the instinctive feeling, common to most laymen, that a lawyer who has the hardihood to interpose such a defense as this ought not to expect thereafter to be treated by his fellows as other than a man of tricks, lacking in candor and straightforwardness. The spirit of the bar will never be in tune with that of the community until a lawyer who sets up a defense like this loses caste by so doing.

For Housewives

TO BE AS COMFORTABLE as possible indoors, when the weather is as unbearable as possible out of doors, do not keep your windows open all day. A sudden torrid wave brings an abrupt rise of the temperature outside, which will quickly exceed that of your rooms. From these, therefore, try to exclude some of the atmospheric blaze. In midsummer—speaking for the Eastern States—the mercury commences to ascend at perhaps about seven o'clock, and usually only begins to shrink downward appreciably with the coming of darkness. A frequent occurrence is for the lowest and highest figures of the twenty-four hours to be reached at 6 A. M. and 6 P. M. respectively. City dwellers are likely to find life easier to bear in a tropic spell if they observe some such general rule as this: Shut the windows before breakfast, and open them again after the evening meal. "Plenty-of-fresh-air" devotees can probably secure enough ventilation during the day-time by leaving the doors of their rooms entirely open, and the windows open to the extent of a half-inch. But to keep all the windows wide open through all the greatest heat is simply to coax in discomfort.

What Father Moved to Town For

AN APPEAL TO GENIUS to help lighten the labor of mowing the lawn is still unanswered, in spite of much speculation and experiment. Mr. BURBANK never has been able to give us self-trimming grass blades, nor has Mr. EDISON contributed an economical electric lawn mower controlled by a push button in father's study. Yet the needs of the situation have been stated clearly and often. One man has made lawn mowing a work of love by doing it in the freedom of his oldest clothes and a decidedly dilapidated straw hat. He says that he relishes keenly all the finer shadings of the work, such as oiling the machine at every authorized pore, sharpening the blades, and cutting grass on the terrace. He also delights in trimming along the edge of the walks with sheep shears, leaving a border of shorn blades as straight as the line left by a ruler. He never speaks of "mowing the lawn," but prefers the

suggestion of arts and crafts in the verb "barbering." A retired farmer who moved into the town of Kensington, Kansas, this summer has made another important contribution to the literature of lawn cutting. He covered his entire front yard with a coat of cement. When some of his neighbors protested, he told them: "I moved to town to rest, not to cut grass." Yet even this is not an answer to the universal appeal for relief. The cost of cement is prohibitive for use on large lawns.

South of Us

OUR ENVOYS to the fourth Pan-American Congress have arrived at Buenos Aires, and—while the wretched wrangling and killing drags on in Nicaragua—another exchange of peaceful oratory begins. The capital of the Argentine will be gay this summer. There is an exhibition of art and of transportation in addition to the banquets and balls which the conference brings. The metropolis by the River Plata will see to it that Rio's efforts of four years ago are put into the shade. In a recent issue of the Buenos Aires "Standard" we read of "mixed doubles" at Belgrano and golf at Hurlingham, and four or five solid columns are given over to reporting the day's football games—Association and Rugby. At the Jockey Club the races are in full career—"the mile handicap proved the best finish seen at Palermo for some time. The winner was handled by MICHAELS, who steered the mare to victory, and we feel little surprised that he headed the list of winning jockeys in Chile for three consecutive years. A rider of his merits will soon make himself felt on this side of the Andes." Even the bird-men are flapping their wings here, and we are told of trial flights—"ensayos"—at the Villa Lugano—"M. AUBRUN, with a Blériot monoplane, made the round of the course in two minutes; five minutes later M. VALLETON, with his Farman biplane, also made a round. Later M. AUBRUN covered nearly twenty kilometers and alighted beautifully." Happy, indeed, this part of Latin America and lucky those who may roll down to Rio this summer and to the cooler airs of the south-equatorial winter. And how many congresses must be held or wasted years slip by before Central America may come into her own and share her exquisite lakes and noble mountains with tourists from the ordinary, kindly, housebroken world?

How to be Good—a Science

A MISSOURI MAN suggests the "establishment of a Department of Applied Christianity to take the place of sewing societies and young people's meetings" in our churches. "Undoubtedly," he

agrees, "the old doctrine of soul salvation did make men of strong moral fiber, but now that science has made such inroads on theology, men are more inclined to the idea of soul education."

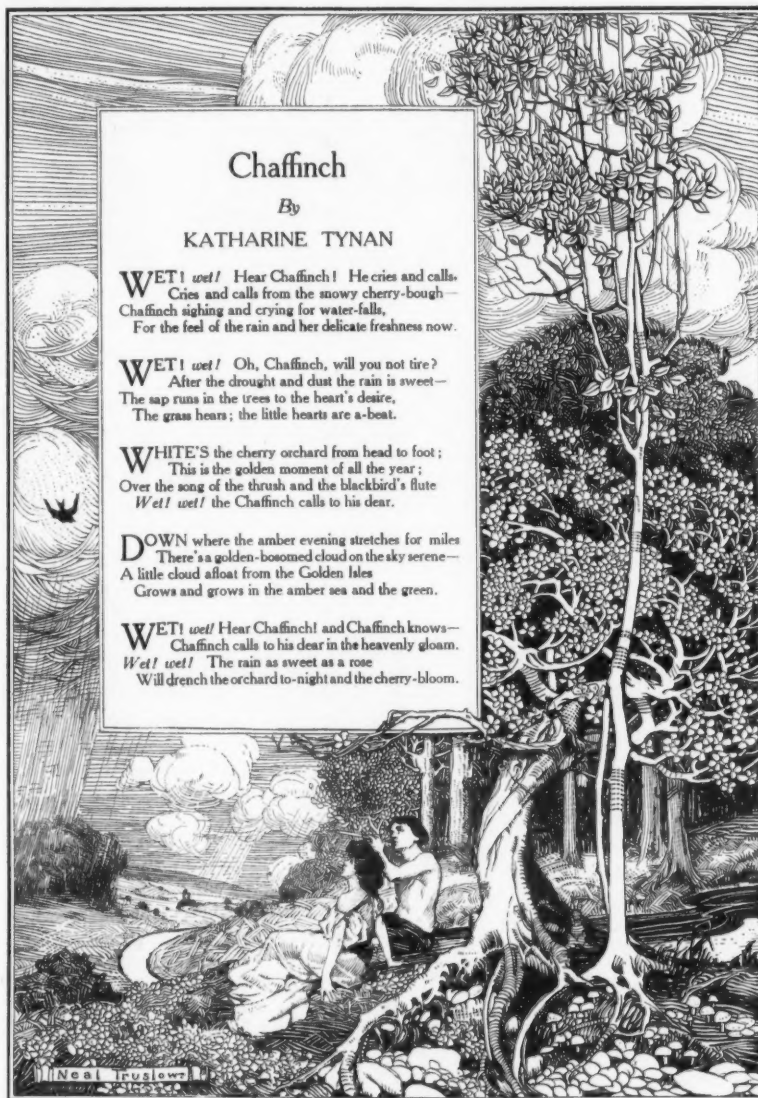
"This Department of Applied Christianity might study the application of CHRIST's principles to every-day acts, emotions, and conditions, using the laboratory method and report, card-index, and classify the results of its experiments. This would mean the arrangement of a carefully thought-out course which might require years to complete. One term might be outlined briefly thus:

"Application of Christian Religion to Sin. (a) Theory of Christian religion in regard to reformation of sinners. (b) How shall church help sinner? (c) How shall church receive sinner, as a body and as individual members?"

"Let every member of the department keep a record and make report of his own attitudes, actions, etc., toward sinners of every sort; let experience meetings once more become the fashion; let attention and study be directed toward the connection between their small sins and the authentic or newspaper reports of crime or the lesser sins against society.

"Practical? Logical? Why, suppose universities attempted education by lectures alone—no examinations, recitations, laboratory work; no practical application or demonstration anywhere of the truths of chemistry, mathematics, etc.; nothing but constant insistence on the duty of cultivating the mind and the brilliant future of a cultivated mind when attained. How long before education would be teaching to empty rooms, and professors and students alike sitting up and saying: 'What is the matter with education in our town?' Let the church apply modern methods to teach its members the wonderful Truth it has."

The suggestion has novelty. And, as our contributor observes, electricity in clouds and in books never produced wireless telegraphy and flying machines.



Chaffinch

By

KATHARINE TYNAN

WET! wet! Hear Chaffinch! He cries and calls—
Cries and calls from the snowy cherry-bough—
Chaffinch sighing and crying for water-falls,
For the feel of the rain and her delicate freshness now.

WET! wet! Oh, Chaffinch, will you not tire?
After the drought and dust the rain is sweet—
The sap runs in the trees to the heart's desire,
The grass hears; the little hearts are a-beat.

WHITE'S the cherry orchard from head to foot;
This is the golden moment of all the year;
Over the song of the thrush and the blackbird's flute
Wet! wet! the Chaffinch calls to his dear.

DOWN where the amber evening stretches for miles
There's a golden-bosomed cloud on the sky serene—
A little cloud aloft from the Golden Isles
Grows and grows in the amber sea and the green.

WET! wet! Hear Chaffinch! and Chaffinch knows—
Chaffinch calls to his dear in the heavenly gloom.
Wet! wet! The rain as sweet as a rose
Will drench the orchard to-night and the cherry-bloom.



"Safe and Sane"—a Patriotic Holiday

A part of the military tourney in the Fourth of July celebration at Chicago. Although more than 200,000 people witnessed the parade and other festivities of the day, the ban on promiscuous fireworks reduced the number of deaths to two. New York and many other cities experimented in "The New Fourth" with a remarkable decrease in the list of deaths and injuries and a corresponding gain in patriotic demonstrations, in which the State militias and detachments of the regular army assisted

What the World Is Doing

A Record of Current Events

Echoes of the Budget

WHETHER high taxing was alone responsible for decreased drinking in the British Isles, certain it is that the last year has seen a notable change. In Scotland the convictions for drunkenness fell off last year 33 per cent. The admissions to Edinburgh Jail from April to December, 1909, compared with the same period in 1908, showed a falling off of nearly 2,000 cases. In Ireland the reduction in drinking ranged from 35 to 70 per cent in certain neighborhoods. There were 18,000 less convictions for drunkenness and kindred offenses in England.

The estimated financial position for the year April 1, 1910, to March 31, 1911, shows a total income of £199,791,000 and a total expenditure of £198,930,000, thus giving a balance of £861,000.

The Chancellor has agreed to lend another \$5,000,000 to Ireland for laborers' cottages at 2¾ per cent.

The "Saturday Review" is bitter on the Budget:

"There are no new taxes this year because we were so exorbitantly taxed last year. To thrash a man within an inch of his life and then to let him alone until he has recovered his senses is no very valid claim upon his gratitude."

The "Spectator" says that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is trading on a great advance in the revenue, owing to the boom in trade which has begun and which shows every sign of continuing.

The Chief Justiceship

ONE more of the elder generation of distinguished conservative statesmen has passed away with the going of Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller of the Supreme Court. He died at his home near Bar Harbor, Maine, on July 4. He was seventy-seven years old, and had served as Chief Justice for a period of almost twenty-two years.

Rumor is busy with the name of Governor Hughes for the Chief Justiceship. Of the opportunities of such a position, the "World" newspaper says editorially:

"To be Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court is to wield a power that no other judge in all the world wields, and the man who holds that great office for twenty or thirty years leaves his indelible seal upon the life of the nation."

Some Ethical Gains by Legislation

THE general secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, Owen Lovejoy, has been summing up the year's progress in child labor legislation.

In New Jersey an effort has been

made for five years to restrict night employment of children in factories which operate a double shift. This has been opposed by glass manufacturers on the ground that the industry could not succeed unless children under sixteen years were permitted to work at night. The committee was able to show that the glass industry has steadily increased in States which forbid such employment—notably in Ohio and Illinois—and after a lively campaign in which the New Jersey Child Labor Committee and the Consumers' League, labor unions, women's clubs, churches, and other organizations took an active part, a law was passed providing that after July

4 no child under fifteen years of age may work at night and after July 4, 1911, no child under sixteen may be so employed. This places New Jersey with Illinois, New York, and Ohio among the glass manufacturing States which forbid child labor at night, and gives the most substantial encouragement yet received to the effort which will be put forth next year to secure similar legislation in Pennsylvania, Indiana, and West Virginia.

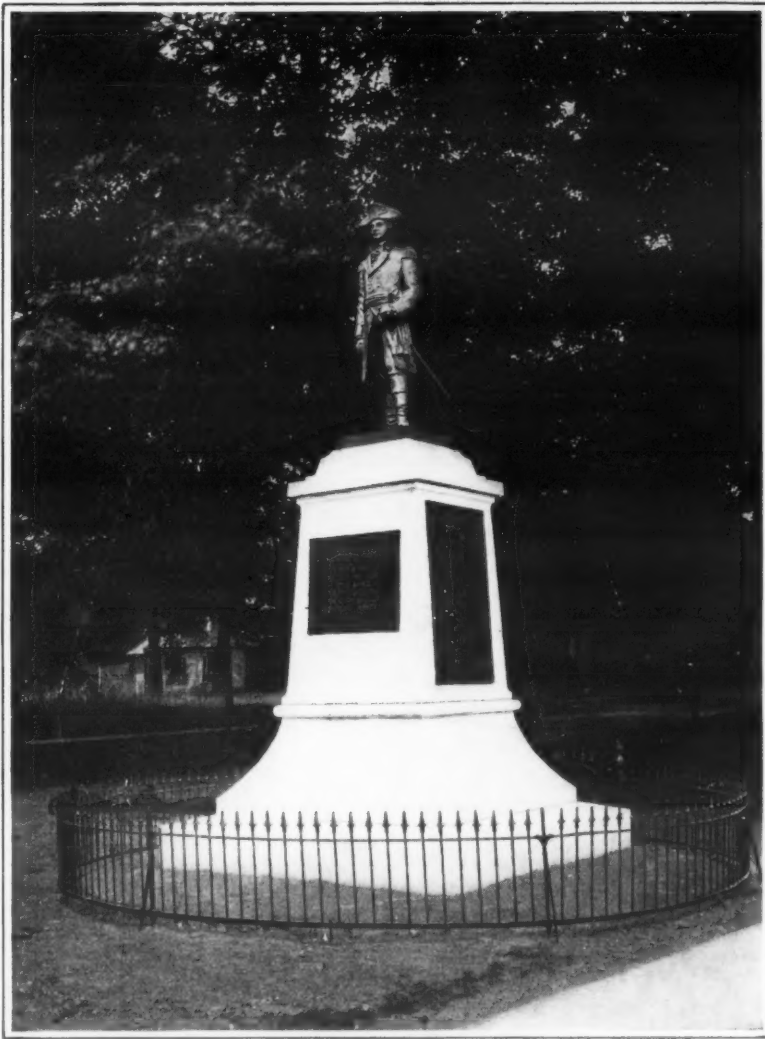
The only States having legislative sessions last winter in which no action was taken for the further protection of children were Mississippi and South Carolina. In Mississippi it was believed that it would be hazardous at this time to attempt any amendment to the law passed two years ago, and in South Carolina the defeat of the child-labor bill was apparently due to its fortunes having been joined with a compulsory education bill. This divided the friends and united the enemies of the measure.

The White City at Nanking

THE "National Review," "China's Premier Weekly," has reached us. It is the Shanghai issue of June 4—the "27th day, 4th moon, 2d year of H. I. M. Hsuan Tung."

It tells of the first Chinese World's Fair, which opened at Nanking on June 5. The exhibition owes its existence to the foresight and energy of the ex-Viceroy of Nanking, H. E. Tuan Fang, who memorialized the Throne, asking for permission to organize an exhibition on national lines, and whose memorial was sanctioned. It was decided that the Exhibition should be a joint stock concern, half the capital coming from official sources and the other half coming from the merchants. The idea being entirely new to the greater part of China, it was necessary to educate the people up to what was expected of them, and for this purpose prefectural fairs were organized throughout the country under the management of the prefects and the industrial commissioners. These fairs were used for two purposes, the collection of material suitable for exhibition and the education of the people on the subject of the value and purposes of the Exhibition itself.

A large public park, known as the Kung Yuan, has been set apart for the purposes of the Exhibition. The general scheme is such that the Exhibition may well be called the White City of Nanking, for all the buildings are in white. The buildings number in all some twenty-six. There are sixteen buildings devoted to the separate exhibits of the provinces, only the two remote provinces of Kansu and Shensi not being provided with provincial



To a Martyr of Bunker Hill

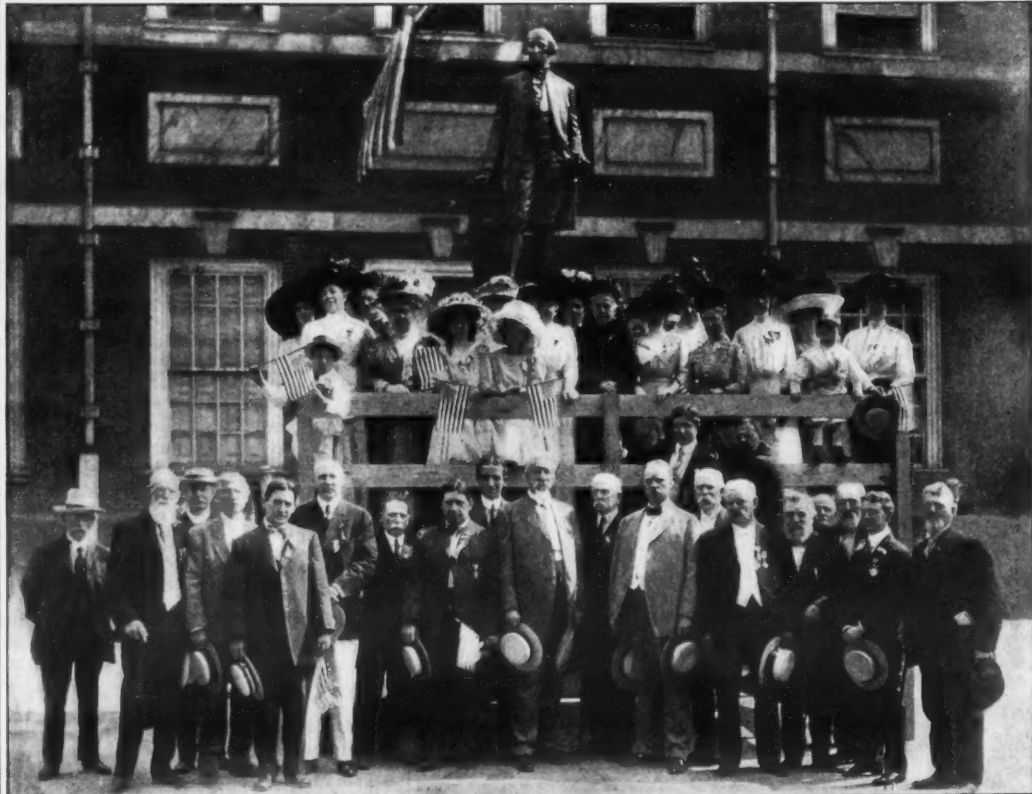
The statue to Major-General Joseph Warren, unveiled on the Fourth of July, at Warren, Pennsylvania. The town itself is named in his honor

What the World Is Doing: A Record of Current Events



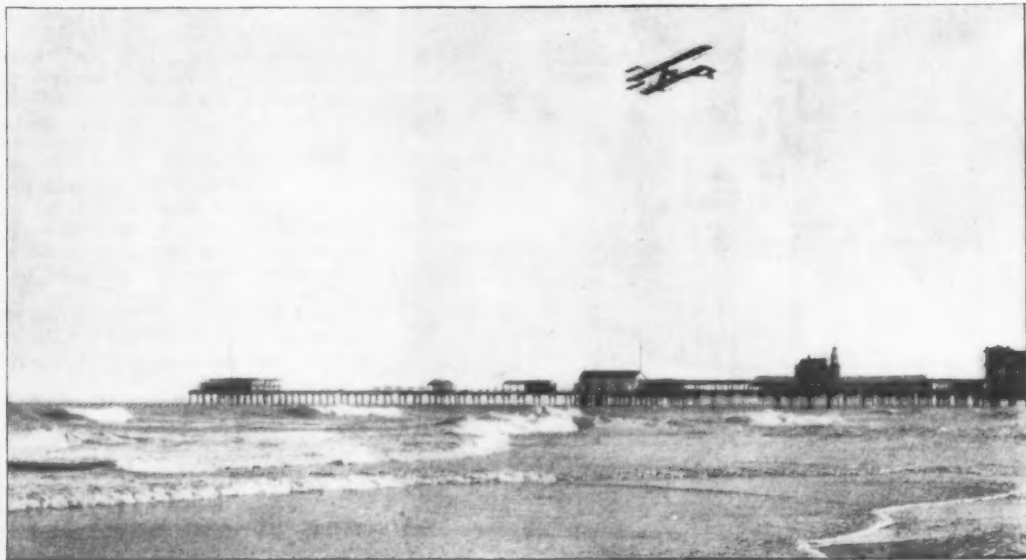
The Remnants of the Passenger-carrying Dirigible Balloon "Deutschland"

Count Zeppelin's airship, lying as a wreck in the Teutoburgian Forest, where it was driven during a struggle with a storm on June 28. Although there were thirty-two passengers aboard, no one was killed or injured



Descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence

Gathered about the new bronze statue of Washington, which was unveiled at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on the Fourth of July. A meeting was afterward held in the chamber where the Declaration was signed



Two Miles Over the Ocean

Glenn Curtiss flying over the sea at Atlantic City, on July 5. He made several similar flights during the week of July 9, in one of which he dropped so low that his propeller was shattered by a wave

buildings. Then there are buildings devoted to National Arts, Education, Transportation and Engineering, Fine Arts, Agriculture, General Bazaar, Foreign Exhibits, Exhibits from Chinese Abroad, Administration Offices, and Offices of Adjudicator-General.

The Exhibition is industrial and its intention is to show the people of China what they can themselves accomplish, to "show Hunan what Manchuria can accomplish, to show Yunnan what Kiangsu can do, to show Szechwan what Shantung can turn out."

Sewage Disposal

DECLARING that the sewage which is being emptied into New York Harbor is creating conditions which are not only unsanitary, but a menace to public health, the Metropolitan Sewerage Commission, in a report just published, recommends that an Interstate Board be created by New York and New Jersey to carry out a system of conservancy which will protect the harbor for all time to come.

The Metropolitan Sewerage Commission is the successor of the New York Bay Pollution Commission, and was appointed by Mayor McClellan as a result of a special legislative act passed in 1906 at the instance of the leading civic organizations of New York City and State. The commission is composed of four engineers and one physician. The members were selected on account of their sanitary knowledge or experience with large engineering undertakings. The members are: George A. Soper, president; James H. Fuertes, secretary; H. de B. Parsons, Charles SooySmith, and Dr. Linsly R. Williams.

The commission's studies included several thousand chemical and bacterial analyses, made to determine the digestive capacity of the harbor for sewage. Tidal studies, carried on in cooperation with the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, showed that the drainage which is discharged into the harbor is not flushed out to sea, but is assimilated by the water. The commission says that there is danger that this assimilative capacity will soon be exhausted.

If more sewage is emptied into the harbor than the water can assimilate, intolerable conditions will result. The water will turn black and putrefy and foul-smelling gases will be given off. The commission estimates that the population within twenty miles of the New York City Hall will be double its present figures by 1930, and that it is more than likely that the sewage, which will increase with the population, will overcharge the capacity of the harbor if measures are not taken to prevent this result. The condition of New York Harbor is now such that it is dangerous to bathe in these waters above the Narrows. Oysters and other shell-fish taken from the upper harbor are unfit to eat. The public bathing establishments maintained along the docks of Manhattan should be abolished. To keep all sewage out of New York Harbor would cost a prohibitive sum of money. The best that can be done is to remove as much as possible of the harmful substances from the sewage, and discharge the rest under the most favorable circumstances for assimilation.

A Conference of Mayors

A NEW style of conference has been devised and carried out. It may prove second in importance only to the conference of Governors on the conservation of natural resources. The new conference in New York in early July was of mayors and other important municipal officials of second and third class cities on the essentials of municipal health. It was held in Schenectady and was attended by thirty-four mayors out of a possible total of forty-five in first and second class cities; eight additional cities were represented by officials other than the mayor, making a total of forty-two out of a possible total of forty-eight.

It was the sense of the conference that public health work should occupy a much greater place in municipal affairs.

The conference decided in favor of an annual conference of mayors. The next one will be held in Poughkeepsie in 1911.

Notes

AT THE Reims meet, three flying records were broken on July 7. Olieslagers flew for 2 hours 39 minutes 39 seconds, thus breaking the record for duration and distance. In speed, Leon Morane went 12.42 miles in 13 minutes and 42 seconds. In height, Hubert Latham went up 4,540 feet. Of the experience, Latham said:

"I came down because I lost my way and all sense of the horizontal. It was all right when I was in the air above the clouds, because, seeing them beneath me, I was able to tell whether my planes were level, but then I got into a fog and I had not an idea where the earth lay nor my posi-

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tion in relation to it. So I began to descend, and, emerging from the fog, found the city of Reims beneath me."

Three days later Morane went at a speed of 68.42 miles an hour in his monoplane; and Oleslagers went 244 miles in 5 hours 3 minutes 5 seconds.

Walter Brookins went up 6,175 feet in a Wright biplane at Atlantic City on July 9. Brookins, in describing his flight, spoke of the "climbing angle" which he had to try for and finally get hold of. "You 'feel' water below you, just as you 'feel' your climbing angle."

In the instructions issued by the State Department to the American delegates to the Pan-American Conference, Zelaya, the Nicaraguan politician, is referred to as a scourge of his people.

One of the hot weather rumors has been that Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton, may be nominated for New Jersey's Governor by the Democrats, and that later he may run for President.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, Superintendent of Schools in Chicago, was elected president of the National Education Association on July 7. Her nearest rival was a man, and was beaten by 617 votes to 376. Mrs. Young is the first woman to be made president of the National Education Association.

The Republican Congressional campaign will be opened on August 1, and the headquarters will be situated in New York City.

Mr. Roosevelt has agreed to speak in behalf of the candidacy of Senator Beveridge for reelection to the United States Senate from Indiana. Senator Beveridge being ranked as an Insurgent, emphasis is lent to Mr. Roosevelt's act.

The submarine boat, the *Salmon*, built for the United States Government, steamed from Quincy, Massachusetts, to Hamilton, Bermuda, in 96 hours. This was an average speed of 10 knots an hour. The long trip was made as a test of endurance and "inhabitability."

Blows from the Champion

MR. ROOSEVELT has resumed his job as contributing editor to the weekly newspaper, the "Outlook." He deals with primary reform. The article is a follow-up campaign to his telegram to the chairman of the New York State Republican Committee, in which he urged passing the Cobb bill for primary reform, as Governor Hughes requested. The immediate effect of the telegram was small, as the Legislature promptly proceeded to reject the bill and rebuke Mr. Roosevelt for his intrusion into the New York law-making body.

But they reckon ill who deem they can squelch the Oyster Bay publicist by some ill-nature and a few snubs. His editorial pronouncement in the "Outlook" of July 9 says that he is aware that the worth of any such measure in the last resort depends upon the character of the voters, and that no patent device will ever secure good government unless the people themselves devote sufficient energy, time, and judgment to make the device work. He further admits that here and there where the principle of direct nominations has been applied in too crude shape or wrong-headedly, it has, while abolishing certain evils, produced or accentuated others—in certain cases, for instance, putting a premium upon the lavish expenditure of money.

But he says he believes Governor Hughes was right on the fundamental issue of direct primary nominations.

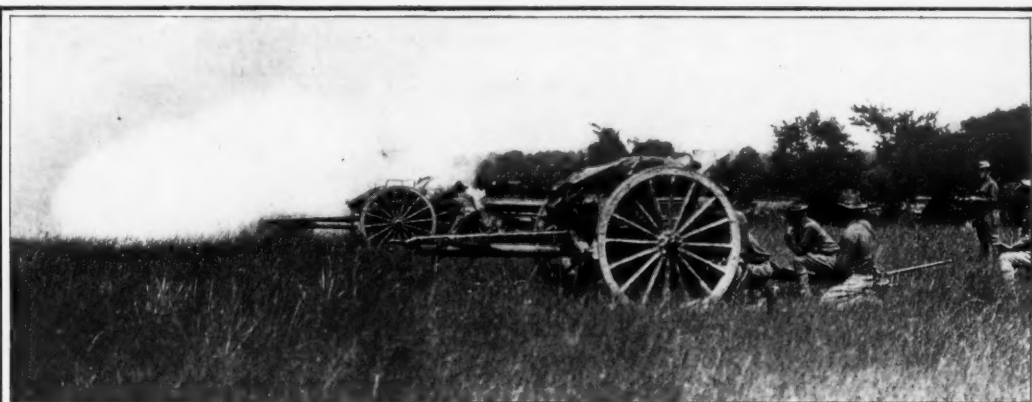
"We hold that the right of popular self-government is incomplete unless it includes the right of the voters not merely to choose between candidates when they have been nominated, but also the right to determine who these candidates shall be. Under our system of party government, therefore, the voters should be guaranteed the right to determine within the ranks of their respective organizations who the candidates of the parties will be, no less than the right to choose between the candidates when the candidates are presented them."

Cloakmakers on Strike

A CLOAKMAKERS' strike of unusual size broke out in New York early in July. The number of strikers was said to be 70,000. Such estimates have often proved to be too large by almost half, and it is probable that 40,000 would be nearer the number.

The strikers desire better hours and better wages. They allege an evil subcontracting system in the factories, under which some are compelled to work for from \$3 to \$10 a week. They state that a man must work day and night seven days a week to obtain a scant living for his family. But at the heart of the dispute is the struggle for unionism, and the right to organize.

July 23



A battery of United States Field Artillery in action at the battle of Granite Hill, July 8. The "Blues" were commanded by General Vaughn, Virginia National Guard, the "Reds" by Colonel Mansfield, U. S. A.



At the left are two "wounded" soldiers at a well; to the right are General Vaughn and staff. The "Blues" consisted of three Virginia regiments of infantry, a battery of field artillery, and Troop A, Maryland Cavalry



A field telephone in operation, and a roadside consultation. The "Reds" consisted of the 2d and 29th U. S. Infantry, the 1st and 5th Maryland, two troops of U. S. Cavalry, and a battery of U. S. Field Artillery



Officers of the First Virginia at Granite Hill, and a skirmish line holding the railroad in the sham battle. A charge of the "Reds" decided the engagement by enveloping the entire right flank of the "Blues"

The Militia and Army Maneuvers at Gettysburg

The Fight in the Desert

Some Observations Upon the Personal Encounter of Mr. Jeffries with Mr. Johnson

RENO, NEVADA, July 4, 1910.

By ARTHUR RUHL

THE battle about which whole wood-pulp libraries have been written during the past few months is over, and the great Jeffries myth has vanished into the bright Nevada sunshine. As Mr. Jeffries himself and innumerable experts had stated repeatedly that the one-time champion was never fitter in his life, one novice hesitates to dim the luster of his rival's achievement by concluding that he didn't "come back." Nevertheless, the fact remains, whether or not the result was due to Mr. Johnson's admittedly exquisite technique or to his possession of that divine fire of youth which once lost is never found again, that in the fifteenth round the "hope of the white race," with his crouch and his glare and all his hairy brown bulk, hung over the ropes by his knees in a position quite primordial enough to satisfy even the red-blood novelists who have written so eloquently of late in the sporting pages of neolithic men and the jungle-born. And above him, with the superb muscles of that terrifying left arm and shoulder taut and trembling to continue the battle if need be, stood the black man, Johnson—"Lil' Artha," with his queer, flat-footed shuffle that only masked the quickness of a cat, "Lil' Artha" of the bass-viol and the crap-shooting and the half-puzzled, pleading, rather wistful smile—the undoubted champion.

As a mere fight, this battle for the greatest purse that two boxers ever fought for was, I suppose, a pretty sad affair; but as an event, a drama of temperaments, an example of the phenomena possible in this year of grace 1910, it was as strange and as wildly romantic as any one could desire.

From the Ends of the World

I HAVE just said good night to a man who was jumping on an overland train from which he will just have time to catch the steamer at New York and so deliver with his own hands a few precious photographs to his London paper. The man who sat next me at the ring-side and dictated the story of each round as it was fought, directly into his New York office, lost his wire somewhere in the neighborhood of Omaha just after his paper had beaten everybody else in town by eight minutes. Blocked but not dismayed, the story went flashing westward over the Sierras to San Francisco, down to Los Angeles and eastward by the southern route through Yuma. It went astray there a little later, and he had to swing it round to New York by way of Butte and St. Paul, and we could hear, as we sat there, code calls reaching for it from cities all over the West.

From the railroad yards, as I am writing this, comes the clanging of dozens of locomotive bells and the flash of their searchlights as the fight-specials switch onto the through tracks. Three hundred correspondents, enough to cover any war, ancient or modern, are writing as fast as typewriters can be pounded, and something over half a million words—to be relayed later into many million more—are clicking out over the Reno wires.

They are saying that this will be the last of the heavyweight prize fights. They said much the same thing sixty or seventy years ago. "Are we a civilized people? Will foreigners believe that it is possible that the first nation in Europe can be so barbarous? Of what use are our numerous Christian and benevolent institutions?" I ran across it in an English magazine the other day, one published in 1834.

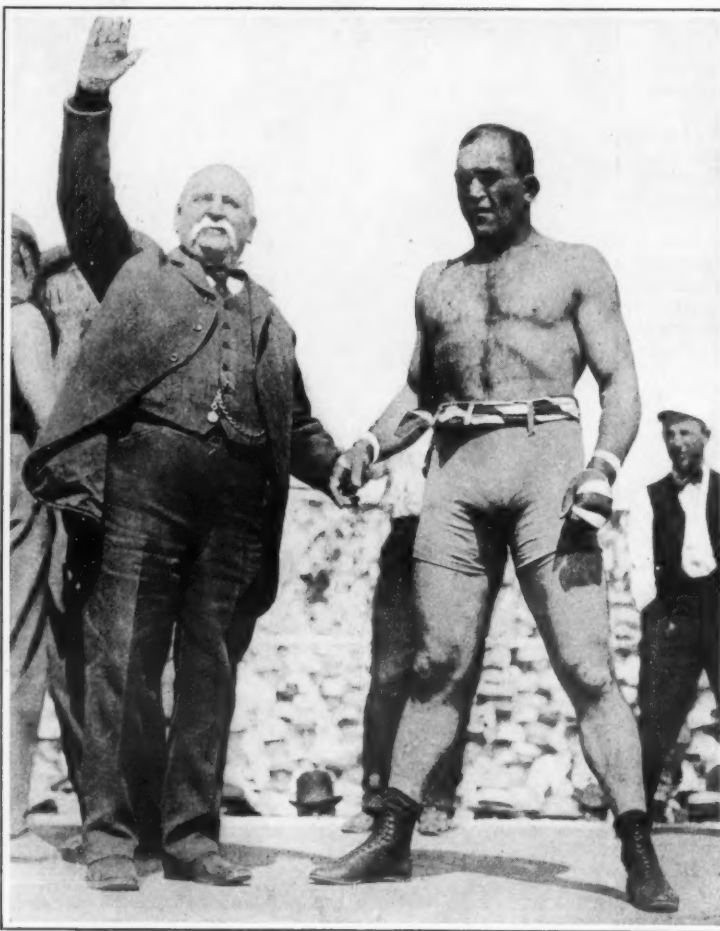
It might be asked with some pertinence whether a civilization which compels helpless children and fragile girls to lead the life they do in factories and shops to-day need worry itself very piercingly over the brutality of permitting two perfectly made and perfectly trained bruisers to pick up a fortune in a few minutes by pummeling each other until one or the other gives in. If it is to be the end of prize-fighting, one can't help wondering what the old worthies of the days when the prize-ring was a British institution of solid respectable repute would think could they have been in Reno during the past two days.

Nearly a hundred years ago, when that famous old bruiser, Jack Randall, the prime Irish lad,

sulked in his public house, the Hole in the Wall, instead of answering a challenge, it was Mr. Tom Moore, the poet, who addressed him in these lines:

*"Come, Randall, my dear; come, the hodmen entreat thee;
So idle no longer in Chancery Lane.
Shall the Baker outwrite thee who never could beat thee?
Come up with thy beaver, my jewel again."*

What would sweet-voiced Tom Moore, who sang to bruisers in playful verse in a day when they really fought like cave-men, think of our distinguished novelists and their solemn honking about elemental men and abysmal brutes in a day when people really rather dislike, as a rule, to see each



"Scarcely one man in a hundred would have given two cents for the negro's chances"

other pounded up? Or suppose Hazlitt could have gone out to Reno on one of the fight specials just as he rode down from London in 1822 on the Bath Mail behind Tom Turtle, the trainer and the invalid gentleman, to see Bill Neate fight the Gas Man, all of which is set down in one of his most genial and engaging essays.

A Relic of Heroic Days

THAT was in the days when the "noble English sport of boxing" was in its prime; when the sporting prints which we so fastidiously collect nowadays were being made; when even the King—at least old George IV—had his man at the ring-side to run back as fast as ever he could with news of the result; when the challenger cast his hat into the ring before he stripped, and the men sat on their bottle-holders' knees between rounds and fought with bare fists on a little circle of green turf enclosed by carts and gigs before the SWELLS in their white box coats and the admiring FANCY.

They were fights then, going to an incredible number of rounds. Men wrestled as well as boxed, and grabbed each other by the hair with one hand and hammered with the other, and hurled each other to earth in true Homeric style, and lay battered and bloody only to rise magically in a moment and go to it again.

Our own John L.—"Yours truly, John L., always on the level"—is about the only relic we have of

those days. The fight he won from Jake Kilrain in 1889 was the last championship under the old London prize-ring rules. And as he drifted through the crowd at Reno, with his little gray cap above his big warrior's mustache and once terrifying eyes, and his top-heavy body swaying above his tight trouser legs with a black band of braid down the side—as he shook hands like an absent-minded old mastiff with whoever tried to shake with him, growling huskily, "How are you? Glad to see you. What's your name?"—he was still an undefeated champion, a relic of the time when, as Mr. Billy Delaney rather sententiously remarked the night before the fight, it was just a case of "brush off the snow, strip to the buff, double up your bare fists, and go to it."

I wonder what simple old gladiator of the pre-Sullivanite days—Randall or Tom Cribb, Sayers, Heenan, the Tipton Slasher, or Jim Belcher, the Pet of the Fancy—would have thought of a purse of \$121,000 and moving-picture royalties, vaudeville engagements, and so on which meant to the winner, if the white man had won, something over half a million dollars! Of wine agents and war correspondents, and all the curious, top-heavy accessories which surrounded this argument between two not particularly indispensable citizens!

Every night for a week before the fight between 100,000 and 150,000 words—two popular novels—to be doubled many times before they reached the newspapers to which they were telegraphed—went out to the world from Reno.

The Horde of Special Writers

IN ADDITION to the regular war correspondents, most of the prize-fighters temporarily disengaged from the practice of their profession were also writing daily critiques for the papers. Some, to be sure, merely contributed the color of their signatures and photographs while weary but more articulate reporters did the actual work; but there was at least one shining exception, and the sight of Mr. Battling Nelson, with his cauliflower ears growing redder and redder as he struggled nightly in the intricacies of the literary art with the public stenographer in the crowded lobby of the Hotel Golden, was one of the fight's most fascinating pictures.

And this had been going on more or less similarly not only for days but for months. Several newspapers had regular office headquarters, as at a political convention. One San Francisco paper had fourteen fabulously-paid special writers, including two red-blood novelists, one of whom was accompanied by a manager at least, if not by a trainer, and all trying to say each day the same thing in fourteen different ways. One of its rivals, not to be outdistanced, threw its papers off the train and into an automobile on the west side of the Sierras and shot through the night over Nevada and to Reno two hours ahead of the train. These two newspaper automobiles raced over the same course, and after that another paper loaded its papers into an automobile as they fell from the presses in San Francisco at two o'clock in the morning, flew clear across California and over the mountains, and arrived in Reno the next afternoon considerably ahead of the train.

There were correspondents from London and Australia, and even M. Dupuy, of the Paris "Figaro," traveled across those American deserts, mysterious and immeasurable, "to observe M. Jeff and M. Jack Johnson make the box." One overland train, white with alkali dust, would pull in with Big Tim Sullivan of New York or Charlie Millet of Mullen Centre, Iowa, and his friend Bill. Another would come in from the West and out would step a little band of Australians, speaking a quaint, modified cockney of the colonies.

And fighters were so thick that as you pushed through the mob in front of the Golden, with the faro chips and roulette wheels clicking in Jim May's and the Fafner-like bellowing of the megaphone filling the street with betting odds, you always looked first at each man's left ear to see whether it was lopped over and grown together like an oyster or the ear of the ordinary non-fighting man.

No one who was not there can easily understand

what a curiously enthralling drama a simple fight can be made into when thus isolated in a quiet little desert city and analyzed, colored, and vitalized by the nervous cumulative intelligence of two or three hundred keen and imaginative men with nothing else to do. All the raw material was there. They only needed to be made interesting.

On the one hand was this brown Colossus of a white man, not a fighter in the "scrappy" sense of the word, rather a sort of grizzly bear, bored by people and photographers and noise, and much preferring to bury himself in the mountains and fish. He didn't want to fight again. Public clamor made him.

And yet you had but to look at that vast hairy body, those legs like trees, the long projecting jaw, deep-set, scowling eyes, and wide, thin, cruel mouth, to know that here was an animal who would stand up and give battle as long as it could see, whom cleverness could not ruffle, nor blows dismay.

A Caged Bear

THERE was nothing winsome about Jeffries. He was as surly and ugly as a caged bear. He would ride past you on a country road, returning alone from a fishing trip crouched in the rear seat of his automobile, swarthy, glowering, chewing gum, and never so much as notice your greeting by the flicker of an eyelid. After the machine had stopped at the gate of his training quarters and a crowd of harmlessly demented admirers had gathered about it, he would sometimes sit there without moving for five or ten minutes, still glowering straight ahead, chewing gum and seeing only, as it seemed, the vision of his black rival coming to meet him across the ring. There was something peculiarly sinister in this static ferocity, and he did not lessen the impression when he climbed down at last and walked slowly away, seeing no one, with his huge right arm partly contracted and slowly sawing the air as if aimed for a blow.

"He's John Ridd," said Mike Murphy to me one day. "You've read 'Lorna Doone.' He's another John Ridd."

"Lil' Artha" Johnson, the negro, was as different as could be. About twenty pounds lighter than Jeffries, with a rather lathy underbody and superb shoulders and arms, he was as smooth and sleek and supple as a seal just coming out of the water. Light-hearted, humorous, witty even as he showed—even during the thick of the battle—when any one ventured to engage him in repartee, he yet had the good sense or cleverness to keep the respectful ingratiating ways of the Southern darkey. He was quiet, well-mannered, generous in what he said of his oppo-

nent, and, indeed, not without an almost winsome charm.

In the ring he at once became fascinating. There was mystery in that slow, flat-footed shuffle, in the way his gloves, moving slowly about his opponent's biceps, turned like lightning either to block a lead or shoot in a blow. With seemingly indolent grace and his drowsy smile, he would stand up before George Cotton, his big black sparring partner, and

cles and calls for the very core and soul of the man. And it is here, other things being equal, that a negro is always at a disadvantage. He has no traditions behind him. He stands alone. The white man has thirty centuries of traditions behind him—all the supreme efforts, the inventions and the conquests, and whether he knows it or not, Bunker Hill and Thermopylae and Hastings and Agincourt.

You should have seen Mr. Mike Murphy throw back his head, close one eye tight shut, and with just a crack showing in the other like the eye of some curious withered, wise old bird, and with the insight gained from training generations of runners and football men, go straight to the heart of things in his cackling, half-quizzical drawl. He didn't believe, even when the talk was wildest, that Jeffries could come back. "No man ever did," he would say. "and no man ever will. There are three things you can't beat—nature, instinct, and death."

Fighting with the Mind

HE THOUGHT the negro ought to win. He had the strength and skill, yet he couldn't quite make himself sure of that seemingly vague, good-humored will.

"Mind!" he said to me one day, squinting through the half-opened eye and tapping his temple with one finger, "it's all mind. If you go into a contest with your mind right, you've got the other man beaten already. And that negro," he waved his hands vaguely, "loose! No concentration. If he don't wake up, he might get knocked out in the first round. Look at Jeffries. He's going into a fight. Temperament, that's the whole thing. Give me eleven men and time enough

and I'll put into their hearts the idea that they are going to win and you can't beat 'em. That's what training is. Roosevelt would make a good trainer."

"Ha!" he cackled, "that's the way we used to beat Harvard—we had 'em beaten when we came onto the field." He tapped his chest mysteriously. "Here."

Here was a man of imagination and parts. In the contagious bite and snap of his words was the very mysticism and poetry of fighting.

On the Saturday before the fight, Mr. Tom Shevlin, who used to do terrific things to the Harvard line, now a glittering lumber king or something of the sort, came to cast his practised eye over the warriors. As the three of us rode back to town together, the old trainer tapped his head and murmured the one word, "Bad!" Mr. Shevlin put his mouth close to Murphy's ear—for the latter is hard of hearing now—"Rotten!" he shouted. "No concentration. He's going up against a locomotive for two hours, and he don't know it. I want to see a man wor-

(Concluded on page 22)

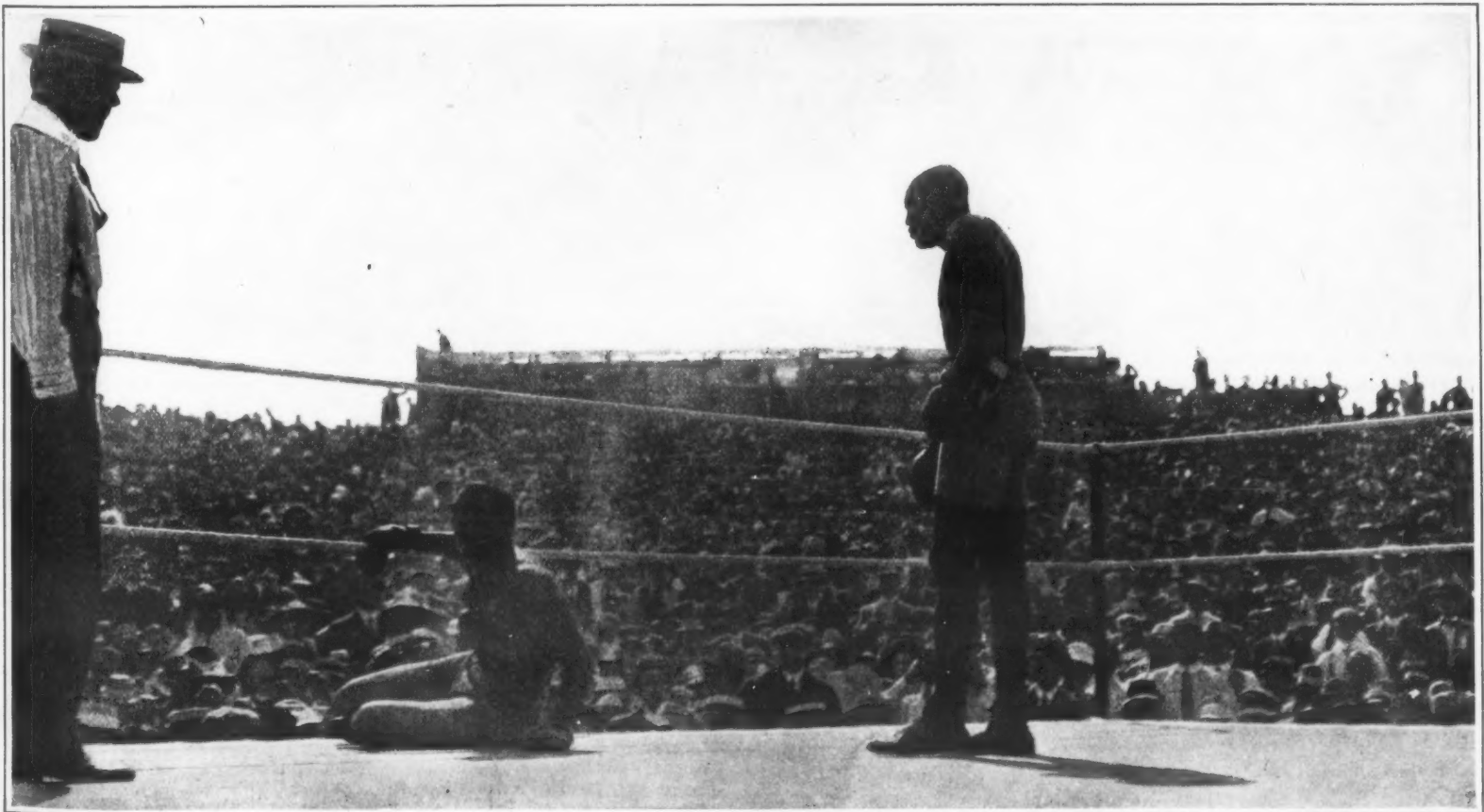


"Fighters so thick that you always looked to see whether a man's left ear was lopped over"

catch and turn aside a rain of blows as easily as a big brother might play pease-porridge-hot with his little sister. Once during the fight, when Jeffries started a left swing for the wind that looked enough to fell an ox, the negro caught it in just the same way, and Jeffries's arm stopped as his biceps met the black man's right as neatly as if it were a ball settling into the catcher's glove.

The Impulse of Traditions

BUT what it was thought he didn't have—and this is what made the fight between the mature thinking white man and the light-hearted, seemingly careless, negro most interesting—was that dogged courage and intellectual initiative which is the white man's inheritance. For in any supreme effort there comes a moment when cleverness and technique count for nothing and the issue is decided by that something which goes down through panting lungs and beating heart and straining mus-



"The great, hairy, brown hulk, which had never been knocked down before nor beaten, sank close to the ropes"

"Court" Circle

A Visit to the Sorority Houses of a



They were particularly nice-looking houses, with broad, low-eaved porches that held a great confusion of deep wicker-chairs

EIGHTEEN hours to Chicago and then a four-hour dash across the farm lands of Wisconsin—unending acres of young wheat, checkered with fields of rich black loam, narrow winding streams, and broad blue lakes—low white farmhouses and strong red barns as far as one could see across the fair green land. One mile more in a deep, sea-going hack, swaying through the broad, elm-lined streets of Madison, and I had reached my destination. Here it was that in New York they told me that I should find "a story."

Just across from the club-house where I was to stay, the university ball team were "knocking flies," cheered on by innumerable undergraduates—the men with little green hats hanging to the backs of their heads, the girls with no hats at all, and everybody, with that splendid disregard of the undergraduate for rheumatism, sitting on the damp ground. Around the corner on the lawn at Chadbourne Hall there was a match game of baseball between two teams of girls. They wore the regulation gymnasium suits of loose, short-sleeve waists, blue bloomers, and black stockings. Many men students stood in rows along the wire boundary fence and made more or less humorous remarks as to the technical ability and the pulchritude of the women players.

To the audience, as well as its remarks, the girls paid no heed whatever, although I still believe that the lady in left-field, if I am to judge by her shrinking manner, would have preferred a skirt. Incidentally, there was a scattered army of young men and young women strolling leisurely about in every direction, and just as far as the eye could see, groups of girls and regiments of young men, couples of men and couples of girls, and many couples of a girl and a man.

The Glimpse of a College afternoon

IF ONE may judge from faces and clothes, they were the sons and daughters of the very rich and the very poor—and they had come from the farms of Wisconsin as well as its big cities. More than three thousand young men and a thousand girls gathered together for mental and physical culture, full of ambition and the irresponsibilities of youth—four years of the joy of living before the hard work begins! Nearly five thousand souls, and young souls at that, banded together in one of the fairest spots ever devised by God and man in this big coun-

try! I was glad that that was not the story which I had come to write. A few minutes later the men ball players gave over the field to the varsity army—many hundreds of young men in blue uniforms and white gloves marching around and around, led by a blaring band; scantily clad track-runners, on their way to the gymnasium, slipped with long, easy strides through the lines of onlookers; a red touring car overflowing with co-eds in white and gray sweaters, and driven by a girl with her yellow hair blowing straight behind, swept down the steep incline of the broad, grass-lined street, cheering the scattering crowds as they scurried to safety. Through the human maze, stoop-shouldered young men, prim young women with goggles, and professors with beards and bulging foreheads picked their way, all of them apparently as unconscious of this riot of noise and color as if they had been strolling along the lane of a deserted village.

A Little Street Among the Trees

ON EVERY side of the always changing human kaleidoscope towered the splendid stately buildings of the university, and beyond one could see through the deep foliage of the elms the blue waters of a great lake, dancing and sparkling in the golden haze of the summer evening.

I left the crowds and the braying band, and had gone but a short distance when I stumbled on a little street, which I must confess afforded me a most instant and welcome relief. It really was such a very short little street that it hardly seemed to deserve the name—its whole length could only comfortably accommodate four houses. But they were particularly nice-looking houses, with broad, low-eaved porches that held a great confusion of deep wicker-chairs and soft colored rugs. About each of the houses was a close-cropped lawn, but no fences of any kind; the trees threw cool shadows across the walk, and squirrels hopped down from the branches and begged you for nuts, and, being regretfully refused, hurried over to the lawn across the way to talk you over with other squirrels. It was such a very homey, quiet little street: the air was filled with the odor of flowers and freshly cut grass, and, above all, it gave one the impression of peace and a certain kind of security and protection from the hurly-burly and the terrible activity of the world just beyond the tree-tops. Of the four houses but one showed any signs of human life. It was the low colonial one on the far corner and the one I liked best. It might have been standing there for years, and its

broad, weather-mellowed facade and the four fat, fluted pillars seemed to rise in a dignified protest against the strenuous life that had encroached so very close to the confines of the little street. A young girl with very golden hair lounged lazily against one of the white pillars. She wore a short white skirt, her hands were stuck deep in the pockets of a particularly becoming red sweater, and her large blue eyes were smiling pleasantly at a young man with a Greek-god face and no waist-line, who from embarrassment, or some unaccountable reason, seemed to be anchored in the offing.

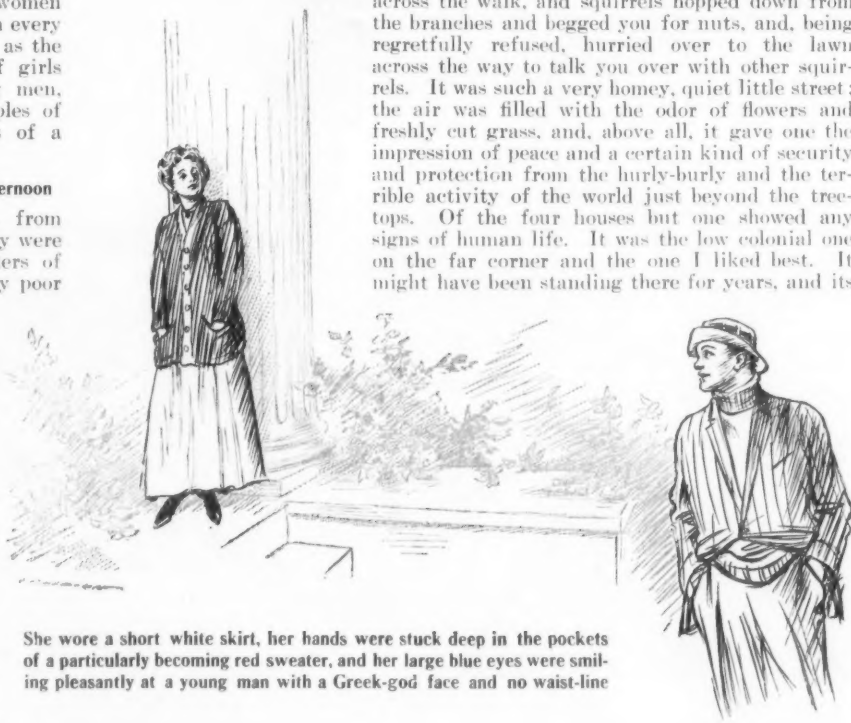
"Who are you afraid of?" she laughed. "Better come in."

Two other girls, also in short skirts and red sweaters, seated on a neighboring bench, added their laughter and mildly insulting jeers to the reluctant lover. But as the young man seemed adamant and wholly incapable of appreciating his advantages, the golden-haired one lounged down the steps, and side by side the two swung slowly down the street, turned the corner and were lost to view. "Fussing" they call it at Wisconsin.

Feeling very much the interloper, I stole away, leaving the two young ladies on the porch, now quite bored and apparently wholly unconscious of the presence of the stranger who had unwittingly wandered into their playground.

Prowling About the "Court"

DURING the next few hours, however, and before I had met any one in Madison, I must confess that my footsteps seemed instinctively, and, as I well understood, at the very probable risk of being taken for a plain-clothes man, to lead me back again and again to the little street of the four quaint houses. For these constantly recurring visits I excused myself to myself, not knowing any one else to whom I could apologize on the ground that the little street was unquestionably the place where I had been told in New York that I should get my story. Whatever the young ladies who lived in the four houses may have thought of me as I continued to prowling about their court during that late afternoon and evening I do not know, because when I met them the next day they were altogether too well bred to tell me, but by nightfall I had made my own deductions. I was quite sure, for instance, that the girls in one of the houses wore better and smarter clothes than the others, were more worldly, if I may use the expression, and were therefore looked on somewhat askance by their neighbors as leading a free and gay life—that is, free and gay for Madison. The porches of another of the houses were quite deserted during the afternoon and evening, but the shades were up, and through every window one could see fair and dark heads poring over great tomes. Later on I was pleased to hear that when it came to high honors in study no other house in the street had any the best of this one. The ladies of the villa next door were



She wore a short white skirt, her hands were stuck deep in the pockets of a particularly becoming red sweater, and her large blue eyes were smiling pleasantly at a young man with a Greek-god face and no waist-line



The kindly, gracious hospitality to a young

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Circles at Wisconsin

City Houses of a State University, Where Co-education Governs the Social Life

By CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS

somewhat confusing, and presented a much greater variance in character. One girl was undoubtedly engaged, and therefore no longer responsible for her actions; another was studying her lessons with a young man—at least they were sitting in the library at a table on which were open books. A few green-shaded lamps shone from the upper windows, but to offset this there was a goodly sprinkling of pink and white and blue dresses in the shadows of the porch and enough athletic-looking young men for every one, and to spare.

The Elusive Study of the Sisterhoods

EVEN the notoriously dull friend of Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Watson himself, could have seen that this was a happy home. I know that personally I found it most difficult to pass. The fourth house was fairly gay by day, but rather somber after supper. Indeed, the piazza was quite deserted until very late—perhaps as late as nine o'clock, when a shadow of a girl, no doubt less erudite than her sisters, came out to chat with the shadow of a young man, and apparently did her best to raise the reputation of her home as a resort where frivolity reigns.

To prove that there are others who believe that these girls of the different sororities at Wisconsin have their

window, they are of about as much importance as the creed of an undiscovered tribe of savages in darkest Africa; to the father and mother of the girl who is going to college, and particularly to the girl herself, the subject is one of very great interest, and as these sororities are continuing to grow in numbers and in strength it becomes more important every year.

I am not a specialist on sororities, but I believe the study of them is not wholly unlike that of the ancient city of Rome. The casual tourist can see a great deal of Rome in two days, but the real student after two years of constant research would willingly admit that he was still at the very beginning. My experience was very much of the two-day variety and was confined to the sororities of the University of Wisconsin. At this particular institution there are at present chapters representing eleven different secret societies for women. Each chapter aims to have from twenty-five to thirty-five active members, and, unlike the fraternities of the stronger sex, the initiation ceremonies and any secrets the members may have between themselves are of no very vital importance. For four years the sorority girl has had a good home and has made good friends, and in after years, should she wish to return to Madison in order that she may again enjoy the spirit of her college

account of the numerous societies at the high schools and the smaller institutions, there are to-day about eight thousand active members of recognized sororities in the different women's and co-educational colleges in the United States. The objects of those chapters which I visited were largely practical—the members to give to one another the assistance in and out of working hours that a very close companionship only makes possible and to work out together the best way to live to the greatest advantage at the least expense.

House Rules and Expenses

FOR the large majority of the members the club-houses are not places of meeting only, but homes, and those which I saw lacked only the twenty or thirty mothers and fathers of the girls sitting about to make them the best kind of homes in every sense of the word. All of the girls from the higher classes live in the club-house and as many of the freshmen as can be accommodated. Many of the sororities, however, encourage their freshmen to live at Chadbourne Hall for at least a year, as they believe that it broadens the girl's view-point of college life. As to the finances of a chapter house, I can speak definitely as to one of them, and I understand that the same general conditions exist for the others. The

house and grounds are owned by the chapter and the stock is held by its members. One of the older girls collects two dollars a week from each of the others for room rent, and another girl has charge of the fees for board, which are \$4.25 a week. That is, a girl belonging to a sorority lives in practically her own home, with every convenience and comfort and almost every luxury for \$6.25 a week. Board and lodging at the regular boarding-houses varies from \$7 to \$8 a week.

Fragile and Elastic Precepts

EACH society makes its own house rules, which must be submitted to and approved by the Self-Government Association, which is in control of all the women students at the university. It is incumbent on the committee of students in each sorority house, however, to see that the house rules are not broken. If a girl infringes on one of the rules her case is taken up at the regular weekly meeting and thoroughly discussed, although the girl's name is never mentioned. From what I saw and heard, many of the house rules seemed extremely fragile and easily broken, or at least stretched to a degree which showed considerable elasticity. The explanation of this is very simple, and is only part of the general scheme to trust to a girl's honor and discretion and to

throw all the responsibility possible on the shoulders of the individual. The greatest safeguard—at least so I am told—is the girl's own desire for the good opinion of her fellow students, and this alone will account for the practically clean record of serious indiscretions.

The first of the house rules is that the students shall go to their rooms at ten o'clock. On Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, and at some sorority houses on Wednesday nights, the girls may receive calls from their men friends.

Traditional Deportment

ON THESE occasions the ten-o'clock limit is not very strictly adhered to, especially on Friday and Saturday nights when one of the houses usually gives an informal dance. On week-days the piano-lid is down after eight o'clock. If there happens to be a good play at the theater in the town a girl must be returned to her chapter house by eleven-thirty. About seven miles from Madison there is a quaint little hotel in a village called Middleton. For many years it has been the custom of the students to drive over in couples or in larger parties to supper. The rule that covers this contingency insists that driving parties



gracious hospitality to a young man in a new and somewhat difficult position, and the picture of the thirty girls sitting in the darkened room with their arms about each other

distinctive characteristics. I quote some verses from the students' annual publication, "The Badger":

*"Do you think you'd like me better
If I dressed like a Gamma Phi?
If I bucked like an Alpha Theta
And sang like an Alpha Chi?
And flirted like an Alpha Phi
And put on airs like some D. G.
Or if I were a perfect lady
Like a Typical Alpha Xi?"*

To which the poetess of the Gamma Phi responded:

*"Do you think you'd like me better
If I were stiff as a Delta G?
If I bucked just like a Kapper,
Rough-housed like an Alpha Phi?
If I could flirt just like a Pi Phi
Or howl like an Alpha Chi?
Or do you like me just as I am now,
A jolly Gamma Phi?"*

Interest in sororities is largely a question of geography, maternity, and paternity. To the thoroughly immuned bachelor, contented to gaze out of his club

days, the latch of her sorority house opens at the magic pass word. If so disposed she may continue an active interest in her own chapter or the sorority as a whole, but she does not pledge herself to find jobs for all her sisters, nor is she liable to receive a midnight visit from a lady with a dress-suit case who demands her hospitality just because they both at one time wore diamond-shaped pins bearing the same mystic device. It is only fair to say, however, that the history of these women's Greek letter societies will show that the majority not only accept the responsibility of membership for four years, but for life, and the good deeds done, individually and collectively, to their less fortunate sisters are countless. Some of the sororities represented at this university have as many as thirty chapters at as many colleges for women, but the interests of the Wisconsin members usually begin and end with their own chapter. Of the thousand women here less than three hundred belong to sororities. One hundred and forty girls live at Chadbourne Hall, the big dormitory, about one hundred at their own homes, and the balance of five hundred at the women's boarding-houses. Only a few of the three latter classes belong to sororities. While it is difficult to state the exact figures, on

must return in winter by nine o'clock and in summer at nine-thirty. Parties of more than two are, however, given a little more time for the drive home. There is no objection to a girl's asking a man to lunch or supper at her sorority house, but for some reason this particular kind of hospitality is only taken advantage of at great intervals. The freshmen members of a club-house must answer the door-bell, go to the telephone, wait on the table if a lack of servants makes it necessary, and count the linen before it is sent to the laundry. A certain human instinct common to all freshmen, I understand, resents the last chore, and it is the rule most frequently broken. Most of the rules, of which those I have mentioned are but a few, are in effect at all of the sorority houses as well as at Chadbourne Hall and the numerous boarding-houses scattered over the town. They are presumably the result of years of experience, but to the outsider they are not always logical. During my stay at Madison one young lady of independent nature, accompanied by a man friend, a student, was seen, at a quarter to eleven o'clock at night, entering an ice-cream parlor which is situated in the very center of the college section of the town. The next morning the scandal went ricocheting about the town like a whirling dervish who had lost his bearings. As the girl who had committed this heinous offense did not belong to a sorority, but was only one of the great five hundred who live in boarding-houses, it was not generally believed that her case would reach the ears of the Self-Government Association. If it had so happened that there had been a performance of "Ben Hur" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the opera-house that night the culprit and her student friend could have drunk nut-sundaes up to eleven-thirty and still have been well within the rules. But as I know from personal experience, there was nothing doing in the town that night except moving-picture shows, and hence the dare-devil co-ed had become the target of unenvious eyes.

The House-Mother

AS A MATTER of fact, I know of no girls so thoroughly mothered as are the sorority girls at this particular university. The official chief of all the mothers is, of course, the head of the Self-Government Association, who has to perform her motherly acts under the all-embracing title of the Dean of Women. All of the sorority houses have their own paid chaperons, and at the beginning of the year every freshman is adopted willy-nilly by one of the upper classmen members, who is known as her sorority mother. It is the duty of the latter to see that her charge is a good child generally, maintains a proper standard in her studies, doesn't exhaust herself at too many dances, doesn't overspecialize as to one cameo-faced male student, and maintains a sane regard for the house rules. To the casual observer these various mothers would seem almost sufficient for even the wholly depraved co-ed, but most of the sorority houses have still another variety of mother, and, so far as I could see, she was the most useful of all. I only had the pleasure of knowing one of the class, but for the sake of the students I am extremely glad that there is a class and not only an individual. Like all real leaders, the one I knew had no official title, but acted as a sort of Lady Bountiful to all the girls of her own sorority. For the twenty years or more that are gone since she was an active member of this chapter I will have to take the word of others, but for the present I can speak from my own observation, and any relation more charming than that which exists between the thirty-six girls and this woman friend I have seldom seen. I have so far failed to notice her picture in a magazine, and I have never seen her name signed to a series of articles on how to bring up young girls, but nevertheless during these many years she has watched over the four most difficult years of their lives, and the really interesting part of it is that she is still doing it, and doing it as if she liked it.

Neighborly Rivals

THE sorority in which she is so interested owns one of the four houses on the little street, and which the directory refers to as Irving Place, but is known to all Madison as "The Court." Why The Court I do not know, unless it is that the young ladies who hold sway there control to a great extent the social doings of the college world. There is another sorority house just around the corner and the remainder are scattered over the town, but in union there is strength. At least the four pretty houses of

Irving Place seem to have found it so, for from all I could learn their influence was great and reached in many directions. Their characteristics are not altogether the same, but, with the exception of one period of the year, they assured me that rivalry did not exist. In any case they are constantly giving each other dances, and during my short stay the members were forever running in and out of their neighbors' houses and visiting on the lawn and front porches of the houses next door.

The Wireless Speed of News

MUCH of their time certainly during the day and early evening is spent in the open, and if a young man should decide to transfer his devotion from the ladies of one house to another, I should judge that he would find it a most difficult and embarrassing fact to conceal. There appears to be something in the atmosphere of the Court particularly adapted to the transmission of news—even rumor and gossip seem to travel with a rapidity that would make a telephone wire blush.

It was on the afternoon of my second day at Madison that I made my first official visit to Irving Place, and I was especially pleased, after my mysterious prowls of the preceding evening, to come in a



One young lady was seen in an ice-cream parlor at a quarter to eleven o'clock at night

most ostentatious brass-bound and glistening touring car. The owner of the car sat with the chauffeur, who, being a chauffeur in a college town, was called Cassius. Four girls, hatless, in gray or white sweaters, and short skirts, ran down the steps of their chapter house and tumbled into the car. Cassius threw his gear in to second speed, and in a few minutes we had left the campus and the massive buildings far behind and were racing along between gray-green farms of waving rye, and in the distance were the broad flashing waters of Mendota.

A Wholesome Bevy of Girls

LONG before we had reached the golf course, with its undulating, marsh-green fields, it seemed as if I was but returning to a country which I had known well before and where I had always been content. It may have been the beauty of the heavy foliage of the wood-roads over which we passed, or the waving fields of wheat and the pasture lands and the shaded orchards, or it may have been the welcome waiting for us at the golf club itself, or perhaps it was the four young women who together seemed to have discovered the secret of a well-nigh perfect hospitality.

Surely I must have known them somewhere before, because we were already the best of friends, and it was not so much their kindness to the stranger that pleased me as their attitude toward each other and the Lady Bountiful on the front seat. They seemed to be forever wishing that Mary This or Jane That had come, too, because in her way Mary or Jane was easily the most wonderful girl in their sorority. Indeed, the chapter house and its girls seemed to be the hub about which all the pleasures of their lives revolved. They were such a particularly wholesome set of girls, eager and quick and overflowing with the simple abundant pleasures of youth, and yet there was an underlying and very evident consciousness that they had come to college not only to play but to prepare for the hard serious work that lay beyond the four years. They talked of many things—of their secret order, freely and sanely and without any

foolish mystery; of the advisability of girls becoming engaged before leaving college; of the girl who was seen out the night before at ten-forty-five; of their Wednesday night dances to the girls who did not belong to a sorority, and who lived with four or five or perhaps twenty other non-sorority girls in one of the boarding-houses. One girl even went so far as to say that some of the big boarding-houses were really chapter houses without Greek letters.

"How do you stand on women's suffrage?" I felt compelled to ask.

"I wonder," said the Freshman, "do any of you girls know what became of that suffragette society after they got my quarter. I think it must have died a perfectly harmless death."

At this the other three co-eds shrieked a violent protest, and one girl insisted that she had not only paid her quarter but had attended a meeting of the society. As to just what took place there her recollections were rather vague, but another of the four assured me that one of their members was a regular suffragette, wore a man's coat, and lived outside the chapter house with the sole purpose of studying the college body as a whole. Fearing that I might consider her too frivolous, the Freshman stopped gazing at the flying fields and suddenly returned to the conversation. "Once," she volunteered, "I was a Socialist and then again I was an Anarchist."

I suppose there must have been a suggestion of doubt in my manner as I looked at the bright, pretty face and the slight girlish figure.

"Yes," she protested, "I was once an Anarchist. I heard Emma Goldman lecture, and that cost me a quarter. I sat up most of the night talking over Anarchy with another girl."

The car took a sharp curve, and the Anarchist of a night, having again settled back in her seat, asked me if I was coming to her house for supper, and when she heard that I was she seemed really pleased.

The "Rushing" Season

"HAVE any of you girls," she asked, "any inside information as to whether we are to have salad to-night? I hope we are," and then she added with a smile of real satisfaction: "Anyhow it's Wednesday and we're bound to have ice-cream."

But the subject which seemed to interest them the most was the coming week-end party they were giving to twenty-five girls who were to enter the university next September. They had heard of

these twenty-five girls from many sources. A majority one or more members of the sorority already knew, while others had been highly recommended by their men friends among the students. As it is a law of the societies that no girl shall join a sorority before her matriculation, the coming visit was a kind of try-out, a good opportunity to look over available material for the places to be left vacant by members of the graduating class. The girl of the week-end party is in no way pledged to her hosts, she can accept a similar invitation for the following week from the sorority house across the street, and frequently does.

Practically all of the new members are initiated into the different societies just previous to the official opening of the university, but the girl who expects to join a sorority generally arrives a week before this. If she is wise, she brings her mother and stays at a hotel in the town and looks carefully over the sorority ground, or when not wise she stops at one of the chapter houses and accepts numberless invitations from the other houses until she has made up her mind to which set of girls she is to ally herself permanently. Certain very popular girls have the opportunity of choosing between half a dozen different societies, and, on the other hand, a freshman may receive all kinds of preliminary attentions from an equal number of sororities and eventually be dropped by them all. Younger sisters and daughters of former members of a chapter are fairly sure of election, but not always.

The Question of Eligibility

OCCASIONALLY girls are taken into a society after the college course is under way, but against this there seems to be an unaccountable but very strong objection. My four friends of the car admitted that during this so-called "rushing" for new members there was considerable rivalry among the sororities, and when one heard of the troubles and inconveniences to which they went to attach the most eligible of the incoming class, this rivalry seemed but rather human after all. "Sup

(Continued on page 26)

The Spirit of the Big Job

The Methods of the United States in Panama and the Workmanship on the Canal

By CASPAR WHITNEY

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt, as President, made his visit to the Canal, one of the decorations to rejoice his heart and reveal the spirit of the men on the job, was a crudely painted banner, flying from a giant 103-ton steam shovel in the Culebra Cut, inscribed: "We will do our best to help you build the Canal."

And such is the spirit to-day under the leadership of Lieutenant-Colonel George W. Goethals. First and last, I have known intimately a goodly number of big construction camps, but never have I witnessed *esprit de corps* such as I beheld on my recent visit to the Isthmus; that, indeed, and cleanliness were the two things most to impress me. Every man on the Canal seems to regard the job as his own; and that it could not go on without him; that the success of the prodigious undertaking depends on him. I was surprised as well by the individual manifest pride in what already has been accomplished as by a general ambition to "make the dirt fly," so to say. Everywhere, on all sections of the work, I found this spirit in evidence.

The shovel-gangs vie with one another as to which shall head the list (for moving the most cubic yards) in the "Canal Record"—an extremely informing and entertaining weekly which our old editorial friend, Joseph Bucklin Bishop, includes among his multitudinous labors as secretary to the Commission. Steam shovel and concrete mixing-laying records are made one week only to be surpassed in the week following. Canal records have become, in fact, world's records. For example, one day last February 2,869 cubic yards of concrete were mixed and set in a single day—beating the world's record of 1,700 yards—very likely the Canal hustlers have put up new figures since my visit.

Figures which Describe

WHAT a big job it is! How big, none can realize who has not seen it. Approximately forty thousand men (about five thousand Americans and nearly an equal number of Europeans), from ten to twelve thousand of whom are at work in the Culebra Cut alone, where 51 miles of track are needed to carry off the train loads of excavated material; 240 locomotives; 100 steam shovels; a legion of steam drills, and 1,000,000 pounds of dynamite used every month in moving earth and rock.

Perhaps the size of the job will be better understood in America if I tell of the dollar side. The Isthmian monthly pay-roll averages \$1,500,000. The skilled and American labor is paid in gold; to pay the unskilled West Indians and Europeans, mostly Spaniards, 42 tons of silver are required. Incidentally, it is interesting to record that from \$400,000 to \$450,000 of the money thus received is used in the purchase of money orders.

The Subsistence Department of the Canal Commission does a \$7,000,000 a year business—two-thirds through its commissaries and one-third through its hotels—and clothes and feeds approximately fifty thousand annually. There are 18 Commission hotels for white (gold) employees; 18 messes for European silver laborers; and 17 kitchens for the (about 28,000) West Indians, at which are served respectively each month: 188,000, 269,000 and 180,000 meals. The supplies for a single month cost \$90,000; the labor, \$21,000; such is the business of feeding alone.

The best thing ever to happen to the Canal was when Theodore Roosevelt, disgusted with civil engi-

neers, who used it as a bait for higher salaried positions elsewhere, took the job out of citizen hands and turned it over to the army. That ended the talk-fests and the halting policy which had characterized progress under civilian contractors; and it changed the Commission from a group of pivoting heads of no fixed mind to a body of cooperative minds with one recognized and distinguished head.

The Military Discipline

IT PUT discipline and order where had been turmoil and confusion; loyalty in place of selfishness; pride of service instead of thirst for the almighty dollar—or publicity. It provided organization and execution for the big job; gave assurance that an order issued was not to be followed speedily by recall for further diffuse discussion, or revised to render worthless work already completed on earlier plans. It replaced vacillation by precision and developed a definite line of action known to be permanent by every man on the job, from the highest to the lowest.

Some doubted Colonel Goethals when first he undertook his difficult task; but you hear nothing save praise to-day, among those who know the facts and are honest. The superb organization, the uninterrupted, exact and prodigious work which has gone forward without delay on the several sections simultaneously, directed by an intellect that knew its business and insisted that every one else on the job should not only also know his business but attend to it, has compelled admiration and endorsement. From the dough-boy to the division engineer, every man of them knows that what the Colonel says—goes; and that he stands as representative of the American Army, competent and incorruptible.

The Canal diggings are the greatest show on earth, especially for Americans, the most impressive spectacle likely to be seen in this generation, and I do not understand why our people are not flocking to the Isthmus to see with their own eyes this great ditch in the making. It's worth the trip, if only to come in touch with the splendid spirit of those men; and it would be a revelation to the average American citizen to note the health and the activity of this strip of land. The cleanliness of the camps,

in the very landscape itself, indeed, were magic-like. The swamp of Colon had disappeared; the streets been drained and filled; Panama had been paved, given adequate sewer and water systems; and both made as sanitary as New York—an amazing result, well-nigh inconceivable to those who knew the Isthmus in the old days.

The impulse of my last visit and the motive of this paper lie apart from the actual construction work—though I will say that in 1904, when I walked through the Culebra Cut, it was by comparison with its present dimensions little more than a narrow ditch.

But I am not proposing to discuss the canal digging—the number of yards left, or the now admitted superiority of the lock system. What I want to talk about are the order, the spirit, and the general clean-up of the Isthmus. Then jungle filled the eye all the way along the railroad from Colon to Panama. Now it is largely cleared, and here and there are even settlements. The streets of Colon—what a noisome mess they presented a few years ago!—and of Panama, are cleaned up. In those days, the little settlements en route were islands in a sea of refuse, while household odds and ends littered the encroaching land. Now—they have garbage cans on the Isthmus! And I must say that by the light of Isthmus memories, it was the most wondrous sight my last visit offered. The streets now are clean and kept clean; the police force a good-looking lot of young fellows; while the little towns like, for example, Las Cascadas, which formerly comprised a huddled line of unsanitary native shacks, squatting in the mud, now have houses resting on stilts, thoroughly ventilated, completely studded against mosquitoes, neat and clean.

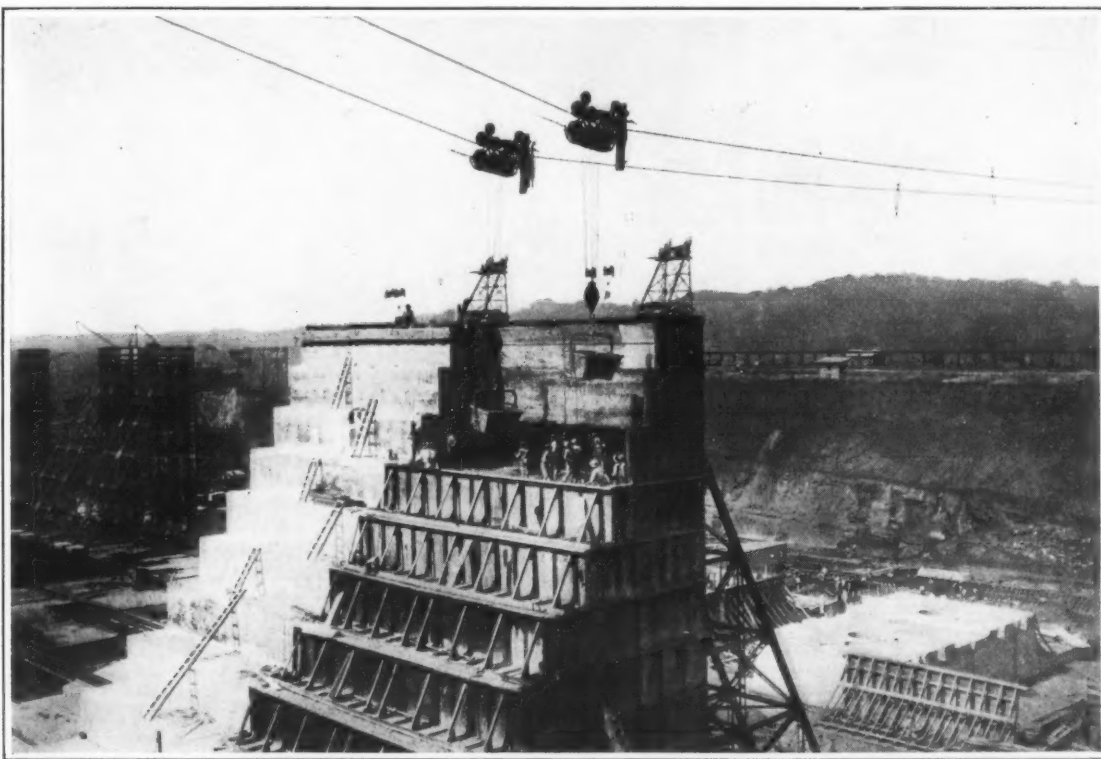
Racial Comparisons

CLEANLINESS and cheerfulness and orderliness everywhere—children, laughing and rosy, going early to their morning schools, the clean-limbed, pleasant-faced young men who comprise the great clerical staff of the Commission, en route for their various stations, and the train loads of chattering laborers going to their work well fed and fit. The fittest-looking negroes I saw in all the West Indies I found on the Canal. Everybody appeared to be well-fed, well-housed, healthy, and cheerful.

The unskilled labor, including Spaniards from the south of Spain; Italians, negroes from Jamaica, Barbados, and some coolies from India, have their respective camps, all under inspection; the married are provided with houses. It will surprise some of my readers, as it did me, to learn that the best workers among this unskilled host are the Spaniards; they show the most willingness and the most endurance, and get twenty cents an hour, which is from eight to ten cents more than given the others. The negroes are not such capable or dependable workers as either the Spaniards or the Italians, though the latter are not especially popular because of their tendency to make trouble. There are some coolies from India that are used as watchmen and for such light jobs.

The Canal Zone is made up of three divisions: the Atlantic, which has two villages—Gatun Dam and Cristobal; the Central, which has seven large villages, such as Culebra and Empire, and four small ones; and the Pacific, with five villages, of which Ancon is the most important.

Scattered among Government-provided homes are



Building the Gatun Locks

The cement structures of the Gatun Dam division—The opening of the Canal for business by January 1, 1915, seems easily assured, since the rate of excavation indicates that the undertaking might be finished inside of four years if necessary

the orderliness of the living houses everywhere—and all under military discipline.

When I entered the train at Colon last March, it had been six years since a previous visit, and the changes wrought in the little villages along the line.

about 4,500 American citizens, who are helping Uncle Sam to cut the New World in half. These houses are built all of a pattern, thoroughly ventilated, completely screened, neatly finished, painted, and so kept. For the benedicts, quarters of the two-family house character are provided; and at my visit about 1,500 American women and about the same number of children were in residence. The bachelors have community houses, and in both the Commission furnishes to the tenants free: electric lights, certain necessary pieces of furniture, coal, distilled water, and medical service. Each Canal Zone village of the first class has its social hall, with library and pool and billiard tables; in the smaller villages, however, these are connected with the Commission mess, the large building in which the bachelors live and eat. In a few of the larger towns the social hall is a separate building under the conduct of the Y. M. C. A. As a matter of fact, these villages are just like small villages in any State of the Union. They have their organization, their pleasures, and their sports.

Amusements on the Isthmus

THE general tendency of the average citizen of the mainland is to commiserate with the people on the Isthmus for being out of the world and estranged from all social activities and pleasures. Read the following, which I clipped at random out of the newspapers, while on the Isthmus:

"The Indoor Baseball Team is practising regularly in preparation for the league games which will be played once a week from now on."

"The Annual Meeting of the Canal Zone Chapter of the American National Red Cross will be held at Ancon Hall on February 27th."

"The Isthmian Canal Commission Band will give a concert at Empire, Canal Zone, on Sunday."

"The Canal Zone Rifle Club held a Shoot on Sunday, February 27th, at Santa Cruz."

"An order will be forwarded this week for new library books. Any member who desires to submit the name of a favorite book should do so before Friday."

"Mr. E. J. Vogel, winner of the chess medal, played a simultaneous chess match against all comers recently."

"On Monday night, March 7th, there will be a Bible study rally. All interested in the study of the Bible are requested to be present at eight o'clock."

"The pool and billiard tables have been leveled and made true. It has been found that they need

continuous adjusting, owing to the heavy blasting in the Cut." (Culebra.)

"The keen interest shown in basket-ball has resulted in the organization of a local league."

"A Meeting of the Executive Board of the Canal Zone Federation of Women's Clubs and a Conference of Presidents will be held in the Commission Club House March 4th."

"Twenty-eight men have entered the local duck-pin tournaments."

"The Gatun Club gave a dance on the evening of February 21st in the entertainment hall of the new Club House. . . . Music was furnished by an orchestra of eight pieces. . . . During intermission, refreshments were served."

"The results of the Athletic Contest held at the baseball grounds in Colon on Washington's Birthday, under the auspices of the Washington Athletic Club, were as follows," etc.

"The outing arranged for by the Engineering Department was held on Washington's Birthday. One hundred and ten employees of the Department made the trip to Taboga in the steam tug *Bolivar*. . . . Luncheon was served on board the boat."

"The Empire Camera Club holds its weekly meeting at the Commission Club House on Wednesday evening. . . . The Club aims to arrange for an exhibit of prints in connection with their Camera Clubs in the Canal Zone. Fortnightly outings are to be held. . . . Additional equipment is being installed in the dark and developing rooms of the club houses."

"The Empire Social Club has arranged for the production of a musical comedy."

"The schedule for lawn tennis games for the Maduri-Lupi Cup and the championship of Panama and the Canal Zone . . . begins March 13th and extends into the week of June 26th."

"An experiment in the teaching of gardening in the schools for colored children is to be made by the Division of Schools on the Canal Zone. A horticulturist has been engaged for one month, and he is to start the work at the various schools and give a negro teacher sufficient instruction to enable him to carry on the elementary gardening work that will be attempted."

"Local No. 19, I. B. of Steam Shovel and Dredgemen, will hold their annual election for local officers Sunday, January 16th, at 2.30 p. m., in the I. C. C. lodge hall, Empire. All members are requested to attend."

This doesn't suggest people lacking activity or amusement, nor are they. The Canal Zone makes a community of about 7,000 Americans, men, women,

and children—4,500 men on Canal work—925 on the Panama Railroad—1,500 women—1,500 children—divided among the handful of little villages, each of which has its individual social and sport activities; and all of them combine periodically in a united effort, social, dramatic, musical, or even political.

And it is the best behaved construction camp on record. There is very little trouble; the rough element appears to be but a small factor and well under the control of the smartly turned out, competent police force.

As for the work, the Americans have done twice as much in their six years, the first two of which were devoted to cleaning up, as the French did in their about sixteen, though in the circumstances the French did marvelously well. As for actual progress—there is a rapidity of execution in these days, in happy and striking contrast to the chaos and scrambling and haggling which marked the years when the Canal was a political football before Theodore Roosevelt put the Army on the job.

Overtaking the Schedule

THE original plan provided for a total excavation of 103,205,666 cubic yards. By March of this year (1910), within 590,000 cubic yards of this figure had been removed. The enlarged plans of the Canal revised the original figures and made the total excavation 174,666,594 cubic yards; so there remain, therefore, 70,000,000 to be yet removed. As a monthly average of 3,000,000 cubic yards is maintained in season, and as 72,212,901 cubic yards were removed during 1908 and 1909—the opening of the Canal for business at the official time, January 1, 1915, is easily a possibility—as a matter of fact, inside of four years appears a possibility.

As for its health: Since 1905 only two cases of yellow fever have originated on the Isthmus, and each was cared for without spreading the infection. Using Culebra Island for suspects from infected ports and a strict quarantine has been the method by which cases from other ports have been kept out.

One thing is wanting at Panama, and its absence is a reflection on the gratitude of the American people; and that one thing is a monument to commemorate those two heroic souls—Dr. Jesse W. Lazear and Miss Maas, a young nurse from Baltimore, who, together with Dr. James Carroll, submitted themselves to be bitten by an infected mosquito, and gave up their lives at Havana in 1900, that the world might attain to its present scientific knowledge of the yellow fever mosquito.

A Sidelight on the High Cost of Living

Metropolitan Restaurant Prices Compared With the Farm and Wholesale Prices

ON THE page opposite is a collection of bills of fare collected from a few of New York's most distinctive restaurants. They were gathered in the same week. The prices, thereon blatantly revealed, show that the rich man and bon vivant are paying abnormally high prices. The visitor to the great cities and the residents in them, who patronize the famous caravanseries, pay many hundred per cent more for their food than anybody else pays or receives. This chart gives the comparative purchasing power of money in those famous restaurants, on the farm, at the market, with the jobber, wholesale and retail. The outer rim of the chart opposite is made up of these bills of fare; in the center rectangle is found the comparison of the café price with the farm price, packer's price, market price.

To make this clear, take one such item as "L," which means lamb chops. At the restaurant two lamb chops cost 50 cents. That item is found on the outer rim of the chart on the bottom. Follow "L," inside the rectangle and you see that those two chops, weighing one-half pound, instead of the café price of 50 cents (which, of course, included the cooking) will cost 11 cents in the market, 7 cents at wholesale, and 3 cents on the hoof. In the café a portion of potatoes, weighing 6 ounces, costs 60 cents. At this rate a bushel would be "fetching" \$96, and an acre of 300 bushels would bring \$28,800. The farmer gets on his acre \$180, out of which he has to take 18 cents per bushel, the mean average cost, and his net profit under the most favorable circumstances is \$126 an acre. So off the farmer's acre the hotel gets \$28,800 against the farmer's gross return of \$180.

For one egg (pleasantly garnished, to be sure, in some such tasty dish as Muscovite or à l'Estragon) the Café Martin will ask 30 cents. That same 30 cents will buy 12 eggs in the market, or it will buy 17 eggs at wholesale, "fresh gathered, selected extras."

It is doubtful if the hotels get the very best eggs, because the best must be nearby, and the nearby

farmers know that bartenders pay the highest price for the best dated and stamped eggs. But the hotels get a very fine quality, suitable for requirements. But strictly speaking, "absolutely pure" eggs are \$1 a dozen on the farm, medical and hospital consumption absorbing them entirely.

"An egg dealer paid 22 cents a dozen for eggs, stored them for seven months at a cost of 1½ cents a dozen, and then sold them at 60 to 65 cents a dozen."

This cold-storage item is from the Long Island "Agronomist."

Peaches of the best grades from the remotest parts of our country do not vary enough in price, winter or summer, to warrant the excessive charges.

"Georgia producers of peaches, cantaloupes, and watermelons say that the margin of difference between what they receive for their products and what consumers pay is outrageous. The public has long had a suspicion to that effect."

A Little Study of Beef

THE New York "World" of July 3 has the above to say editorially. In fact, the "operators" hammer the farmer's price down and push up the price in New York City. So that the producers advanced fruit, which it seems ought to bring a premium, nets only a slight advance.

In beef, "M," the by-product of 420 pounds is the mean average in high-grade beef to the 1,000. The by-product enables one concern to pay a dividend of 13 per cent on \$60,000,000 capital. That means the by-product industry is greater than the beef industry. For instance, chronometer oil is worth \$1.20 an ounce and upward. That is a hoof extract.

In 1280 the Italian city of Florence was a European Chicago, and by law the stock raisers were obliged to personally drive their herds to that city and also obliged to sell them to the retailers, and then when the city's wants were attended to they were allowed to sell the balance to "jobbers," who

supplied the "hawkers." No agents were allowed to do business between the retailer and the farmer.

To-day beef in Europe is: Paris, 13½ cents a pound; Russia, 9 cents; Vienna, 11 cents; England, 12½ cents, because 80 per cent of it comes from America, where the price is made.

The price rule in the United States runs about like this: To the Chicago wholesale price add the following percentage and you get the retail price for locality mentioned:

Baltimore, 17 per cent; North Atlantic States, 31.40 per cent; South Atlantic States, 38 per cent; Southwestern States, 39 per cent; New York City, 20 per cent; North Central States, 38 per cent; South Central States, 54 per cent.

Beef sold to a retailer by the "commercial cut" is 10 per cent dearer to him than in the "carcase" cut. In Germany it is a criminal offense to speculate in the necessities of life.

In referring to the café beef prices in "M," the beef on a carcass that couldn't be sliced can be made into consommé at the rate of \$1.60 a pound, "C." So that an entire carcass can be used in a hotel at an average return of \$1.50 a pound, or \$870. Briefly, a 1,000-pound beef dresses out 58 per cent beef and 42 per cent by-product.

In this comparative page of prices, every commodity is figured on a high grade, and the measures allowed for portions is in excess of the actual portions dealt out by the hotels.

The only ordinary grade used is in index letter "T," where "Michigan" potatoes are mentioned for 10 cents a bushel.

In these calculations "the short change artist," "the light weight fiend," "the puttied scales," "the office load," "the factory charge" are not considered, because the profits are so large that close figuring would make the case out very much worse than it if the true state of thieving weights were still further added to the costs.

The "shrinkage" in every article is balanced by short weight or small portions not consumed.

DINNER

Café d'Amérique, special invitation, 50¢ per person

HOT DRINKS (per person)		HOT DRINKS (per person)	
Coffee, black	10¢	Coffee, black	10¢
Coffee, black	10¢	Coffee, black	10¢
Coffee, black	10¢	Coffee, black	10¢



POTAGES (per person)

Consommé, French	10¢	Consommé, French	10¢
Consommé, French	10¢	Consommé, French	10¢
Consommé, French	10¢	Consommé, French	10¢

MEATS (per person)

Roast Beef, French	10¢	Roast Beef, French	10¢
Roast Beef, French	10¢	Roast Beef, French	10¢
Roast Beef, French	10¢	Roast Beef, French	10¢

VEGETABLES (per person)

Asparagus, French	10¢	Asparagus, French	10¢
Asparagus, French	10¢	Asparagus, French	10¢
Asparagus, French	10¢	Asparagus, French	10¢

DESSERTS (per person)

Cake, French	10¢	Cake, French	10¢
Cake, French	10¢	Cake, French	10¢
Cake, French	10¢	Cake, French	10¢

Kaiserhof



Lunch and Dinner

Roast Beef	10¢	Roast Beef	10¢
Roast Beef	10¢	Roast Beef	10¢
Roast Beef	10¢	Roast Beef	10¢


Café Martin



Lunch and Dinner

Roast Beef	10¢	Roast Beef	10¢
Roast Beef	10¢	Roast Beef	10¢
Roast Beef	10¢	Roast Beef	10¢

Armenonville



Lunch and Dinner

Roast Beef	10¢	Roast Beef	10¢
Roast Beef	10¢	Roast Beef	10¢
Roast Beef	10¢	Roast Beef	10¢

APPLS

RELATIVE NUMBER AT A FIXED PRICE

CAFÉ 20¢

MARKET 20¢

JOBBER 20¢

CONSOMME

RELATIVE PRICES BY THE HALF-PINT

CAFÉ 40¢ 15¢ 9¢ 5¢

MARKET 40¢ 15¢ 9¢ 5¢

JOBBER 40¢ 15¢ 9¢ 5¢

ASPARAGUS

SINGLE QUANTITY WITH PRICES EXPRESSED IN AREAS OF PENNIES

CAFÉ 35¢

MARKET 35¢

JOBBER 35¢

Lunch

Lunch and Dinner

Roast Beef	10¢	Roast Beef	10¢
Roast Beef	10¢	Roast Beef	10¢
Roast Beef	10¢	Roast Beef	10¢

POTATOES

PURCHASING POWER OF 60 CENTS IN AREAS OF PROPORTIONATE WEIGHTS

CAFÉ 60¢

MARKET 60¢

JOBBER 60¢

EGGS

(1 EGG)

CAFÉ 30¢

MARKET 30¢

JOBBER 30¢

CUCUMBER

CAFÉ 30¢ FARM 2 1/2¢

MARKET 30¢

JOBBER 30¢

PEACHES

CAFÉ 85¢ ORCHARD 85¢

MARKET 85¢

JOBBER 85¢

LAMB CHOPS

CAFÉ 50¢ 1/2 lb.

MARKET 50¢

JOBBER 50¢

RASPBERRIES

CAFÉ 35¢

MARKET 35¢

JOBBER 35¢

COFFEE

CAFÉ 50¢ 1 lb.

MARKET 50¢

JOBBER 50¢

SHIPPER

35¢

MARKET 35¢

JOBBER 35¢

The Cost of Food on the Farm and the Cost of Eating in the City

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

The Next Battles

THE advance of the Insurgent movement toward control of the Republican Party will be determined to an important extent during August. These are the States in which primaries occur during that month:

August 2, KANSAS,	August 16, CALIFORNIA,
August 2, MISSOURI,	August 16, NEBRASKA,
August 2, OKLAHOMA,	August 30, IDAHO,
	August 30, SOUTH CAROLINA.

In most of these States, and especially in Kansas and Nebraska, the Insurgents are sure to increase their representation in Congress very largely. But the progress of the Insurgents toward power is only partially measured by their number in Congress. Insurgency is a spirit and it shares the traditional power of ideas. The maximum vote ever cast by the Insurgents on any roll-call in Congress was less than forty; yet it has been stated often, and with much truth, that all the Insurgents fought for in the beginning was won during the first year of their existence as a group.

The South Dakota Platform

THE platform of the Republican State Convention in South Dakota shows how far the Insurgent spirit dominates the party in that State. The first paragraph contains a statement of Insurgent principles expressed in the broadest terms; this is followed by a hearty declaration of support of the Roosevelt policies. A careful and discriminating, but wholly fair, endorsement of Taft is contained in this plank:

"We declare our determined support of those great policies developed under Theodore Roosevelt, and demand that they be given full effect in legislation and administration. We commend President Taft for his repeated declarations of loyalty to these principles. We endorse his Administration for the many substantial measures of reform it has written into our statutes, and assure him of our approval and support in all efforts to secure further effective reform in legislation and administration."

A demand for tariff revision, "with the utmost speed," is expressed unequivocally, and it is stated that the Payne tariff law

"should have given us at least free iron ore, lumber and coal, and should have made very material reductions in many other schedules. We favor a permanent and non-partisan tariff commission with ample power and duties to be fixed by law."

Mr. Ballinger is obviously the man alluded to in this paragraph on conservation:

"We believe that all our natural resources should be carefully conserved and developed for the general good and that all public officials—State and national—whether holding by election or under appointment, whose powers extend to the control of natural resources, should be chosen for their peculiar fitness and for their known record and opinions touching the conservation and development of our resources."

The rest of the platform includes these demands and endorsements:

- The physical valuation of railroads.
- A graduated income tax.
- The strengthening of the Sherman Anti-trust Law.
- Changes in the rules of Congress to curb the powers of the Speaker.

This platform is typical of the Insurgent districts.

One Kind of Argument

THREE WEEKS AGO COLLIER'S printed the following paragraphs concerning the official record of Congressman Bird McGuire, who represents ten counties in Oklahoma:

"On all four roll-calls to reduce the duties on lumber Mr. McGuire voted 'Nay'—against the reduced duties.

"In all the several roll-calls which constituted the fight against Cannon in the matter of rules, Mr. McGuire voted with Cannon.

"Over two years ago, while Roosevelt was President, Congress sought to embarrass him in his fight against the land thieves by cutting off the appropriation for the use of the Secret Service in the detection of land frauds. Roosevelt at that time described the action of Congress in these words: 'If deliberately introduced for the purpose of diminishing war against crime, it could not have been better devised to that end.' On that occasion Mr. McGuire, on two roll-calls, voted against Roosevelt."

Congressman McGuire's reply to this formal citation from the official record is contained in a paper called the Enid "Events." It consists of one answer, and only one, long strung out:

"At present COLLIER'S is the subsidized organ of Chairman Mack and the Democratic national machine. COLLIER'S is always out after the 'coin.' And it don't sell cheap."

"We surmise that they finally published the article only when they had a draft of good hard coin in hand."

"That dirty, muckraking scavenger, known as COLLIER'S WEEKLY, publishes, at so much per line, an attack on Bird McGuire, which is being reproduced by Democratic and Insurgent newspapers."

This sort of argument causes less resentment than wonder. It was used quite generally by the campaign managers of Senator Ankeny in Washington and of Senator Hopkins in Illinois. These men, as well as Congressman McGuire and his lieutenants, must know their business; they are nearer to the ground, are in closer touch, presumably, with the voter, than any editor is. Is it really true that this sort of thing is effective, that it actually makes votes, or saves them? Oklahoma has a reputation for radicalism, caused, to some extent, by President Taft's allusions to its Constitution; but everybody admits that the average of individual intelligence and literacy is extremely high. Is this sort of campaign argument really potent among such people? Do any considerable number of persons take these statements seriously, and are they influenced by them in their voting? Or is it that campaign managers lack perception and are using an antiquated device from mere habit? Quite apart from the merits of Congressman McGuire and his effort to renominate himself, this is an interesting question.

New York

NEW YORK has thirty-seven Representatives in Congress; twenty-six are Republicans and eleven are Democrats. Of the eleven Democrats, seven come from districts in the heart of New York City, controlled by Tammany, and three come from Brooklyn districts affiliated with Tammany. Outside of Greater New York, there is but one Democratic Congressman in the New York delegation. No one pretends that this represents contentment on the part of the people with their present representation; no one doubts that big changes would be made at the election next fall if the people of the State had any confidence in the Democratic Party of the State. It isn't possible to work up much enthusiasm over unhorsing Mr. Tim Woodruff and getting in his place a Charlie Murphy, for example. The truth is the same in New York as in most other States—only it is a little more true in New York than elsewhere—the Republican and the Democratic organizations are merely the right and the left hand of the same machine, and it is a machine so smoothly and efficiently ambidextrous that it matters little which hand is temporarily out of business. To this broad statement as to New York State there is one important qualification: the Republican organization in New York City is thoroughly honest and without corrupt alliances. Moreover, it is more progressive in spirit than any other Republican organization in the East. Less than ten years ago the Republican party organization in New York City was dominated by men who were in politics for their pockets; it was thoroughly corrupt, and its relation to Tammany was that of a wholly friendly little brother; it differed from Tammany only as the jackal differs from the tiger; its regeneration under the chairmanship of Herbert Parsons, one of the two Insurgent Congressmen from New York, and his successor, Lloyd Griscom, has been one of the most hopeful episodes in municipal politics. But, omitting this exception, the case in New York is the same as elsewhere. The Democratic machine is no refuge from the Republican machine; the best present hope is the Insurgents, and the New York people who hold that shade of political belief can't make much progress until they get what has brought Insurgency into power in the Middle West—the direct primary. No wonder the machines fear that institution.

Why the Insurgents Are Preferred

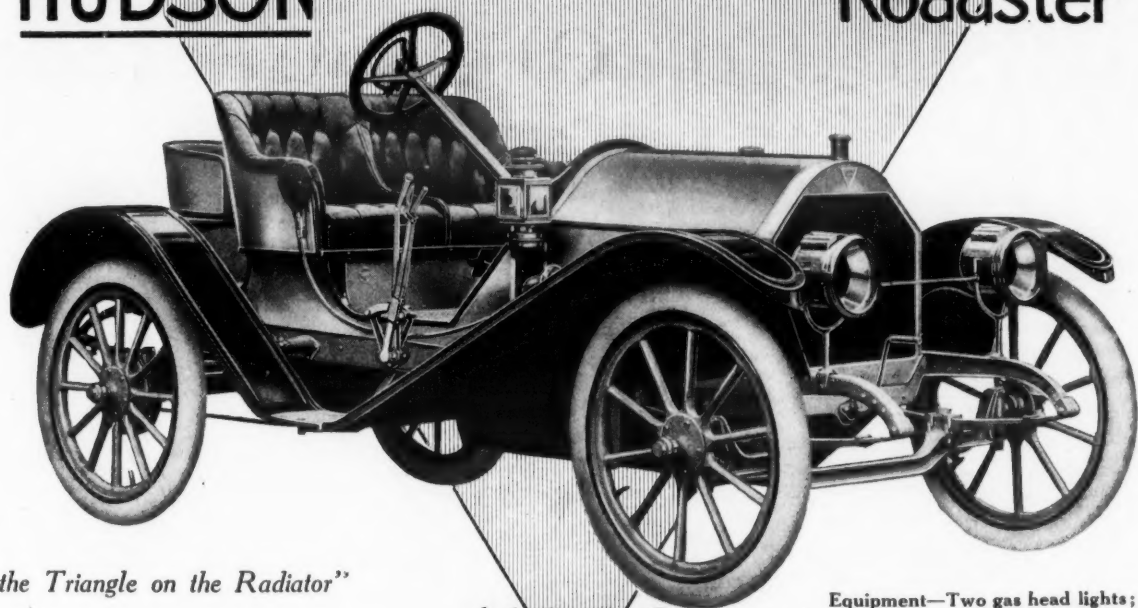
THESE two sentences occur in a letter from one of the most important members of the Democratic Party in Utah:

"You can not know—you can not imagine how completely whipped out the Democrats are in this community. It would be easier to galvanize an Egyptian mummy into life."

This condition is duplicated in some other States and in many sections of many States. It is one of the reasons why well-informed observers see more hope in the Insurgent movement than in the Democratic Party. The situation of the Democrats might readily be changed, however. The Trenton "True American" urges the Democrats to run President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton for Governor of New Jersey; such an act would be a pledge of good faith which would bring back the confidence of the people to the Democrats, not only in New Jersey, but throughout the country.

HUDSON

Roadster



"Look for the Triangle on the Radiator"

\$1000

Equipment—Two gas head lights; generator; two side oil lamps; tail lamp, horn, full set of tools and jack.

Thirty Per Cent of Hudson Owners Saving Money Every Day

Our records show that 30% of all Hudson cars delivered are being used by either physicians or for commercial purposes. These users tell us that they are saving money by the use of Hudson cars. Physicians who are using them are getting better service than they have ever gotten from any other make of car and are getting much more service at less cost than they could get from using horses. The business institutions find that the Hudson does so much work, saves so much money in salaries and costs so little to maintain that they rapidly pay for themselves.

A car that is used by physicians or for commercial purposes gets the hardest service possible to ask of a motor car. Every Hudson that is being used for business purposes is a standard pleasure car model. We have never built commercial cars. But the shrewdest buyers in the world prefer Hudsons over all others for service, for quality, for strength, power, endurance and low maintenance cost.

Think what an opportunity to buy a Hudson means to you. If you want a car for pleasure, you will save at least \$250 at the start by buying a Hudson; in other words, to get the same value in any other car, you would have to pay that much more. If you want a car for business, a Hudson will save you money every day.

We ask you to read the letters we are reproducing on this page. Note they are from different parts of the country, telling of Hudson cars being used for different purposes.

EMERYVILLE, CAL., May 18, 1910.
Hudson Motor Car Company,
Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen:—

We are sending you under separate cover a 5x7 negative of the Hudson car with our Mr. E. G. Hill at the wheel. This car has been driven now in the neighborhood of 10,000 miles and a short time ago we had the engine taken down for the purpose of examination, and found everything in perfect condition. We have found with the use of an automobile for salesman's work that he is able to cover fifty per cent more territory and cover it thoroughly, and we feel that the Hudson car has more than paid for itself already. It has been such a success that one of our Southern California salesmen purchased one of the same type.

Yours very truly,
PACIFIC MANIFOLDING BOX CO.

(Signed.) CLARENCE L. JOHNSTON,
Sales Manager.

To drive a car 10,000 miles and find it in perfect condition means that it must be a perfect car at the beginning.

E. L. Robart & Sons of Brookline, Mass., are upholsterers and cabinet makers who do a great deal of their kind of work throughout their vicinity. Their letter illustrates three things—the dependability of the car, that it

is paying for itself by saving of salaries, and the treatment the buyer gets from Hudson dealers.

BROOKLINE, MASS., June 2, 1910.
Hudson Motor Car Company,
Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen:—

We have been using our Hudson Car for commercial purposes for the past six months. It is being run the greater part of each day. Before we purchased the car we had to have four men on the road estimating all the time. Now one man is able to attend to the same amount of work. The car meets every requirement to which it is subjected. We also wish to speak of the kind and courteous treatment we are receiving from your Boston representatives.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) ROBERT & SONS.

The man who has owned other cars is the man who is most competent to judge motor car values. He has paid for his knowledge and information. Such a judge is Dr. P. S. Mitchell of Iola, Kansas. Read what he says about the Hudson car.

"My Hudson roadster is the sixth car I have owned, all others being of other makes. I practice medicine in this town of 10,000 inhabitants and go into the country in a radius of sixteen to twenty-five miles. With my former cars I also depended upon my horse and buggy during the bad weather. When I purchased a Hudson, I determined to test the dependability, a doctor could place in a motor car the year around. I purchased this Hudson October 1, 1909, and loaned out my horse. The winter was an unusually bad one for this locality. The car has done all my work satisfactorily every day, in the country, in town, through mud and snow, over frozen ground, rocks, through rain and sleet without a mis-fire, to the marvel of the local motorists who drive many makes of cars.

After having been in the habit of cleaning spark plugs every day, adjusting carburetors every few days, grinding transmissions every month and sending my magneto in for repairs every few hundred miles—experienced with other cars I have owned, it certainly is a source of great satisfaction that I have the same dry cells that came with the car, that the magneto has not been touched, nor has the carburetor. The spark plugs have not been out and it has not missed fire once. The Hudson is classy in appearance, practical for work, reliable for pleasure, powerful in mud and on hills, speedy when needed and I can run slower on high speed than any one of the sixty cars in town.

When the Hudson was first announced it stood out over all cars in its class from the standpoint of looks, size, speed, power, comfort and mechanical excellence. Letters from

our users—hundreds of them—prove that the Hudson stands out just as pronounced from all other cars in its class from the standpoint of dependability, reliability and low cost of maintenance.

The evidence is conclusive that the Hudson is the best **buy** to be had in America—the best value for the money ever offered by any motor car manufacturer. Get in touch with the Hudson dealer in your locality to-day. He may be able to give you an early delivery. In the meantime we would like you to have a Hudson catalogue and Hudson literature. A postal card will bring them to you or if more convenient fill out and return the coupon.



The Hudson touring car is not only safe, strong and inexpensive to maintain, but is big, handsome, comfortable.

There are many cars which have the size, power, selective sliding gear transmission, and are as good looking as the Hudson, **but they sell for more than Hudson prices.** From the high-priced class the Hudson is set off by price; from the low-priced class, by quality. Both Hudson models completely described in the Hudson catalog.

CUT OUT AND MAIL

Hudson Motor Car Co.,
Detroit, Mich.

Mail New Hudson Catalog to

Coll.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

Licensed Under Selden Patent

MAYER-CINCINNATI ALL-WOOL TAILORING



FALL-1910 styles are ready in Mayer-Cincinnati tailoring. Fall styles? Yes indeed—the brand-new fabric-styles for the coming season. Ready and waiting for *you* right now at the store of our exclusive representative in your town. Hundreds of beautiful patterns in *all-wool* woolens from which to pick your Fall suit and overcoat. Prices, from \$17.50 upward—made to your own individual measurements.

Simply send us a postal. We'll send you our new style book and tell you where you will find the Mayer-Cincinnati line of tailoring on display.

We guarantee every fabric in our line to be *all-pure-wool* through and through. And we guarantee to every customer clothes that will satisfy him in every detail of fit and workmanship.

Clarence Mayer & Co.
Address Dept. "C" Cincinnati, Ohio

NOTE:—We make a great feature of tailoring for young men—styles especially designed for college men and others who fancy the more extreme effects.

The Fight in the Desert

(Concluded from page 13)

ried. Go off by himself and not want to talk to people. When I played football"—he tapped his dove-colored waistcoat—"All gone here. Couldn't eat, couldn't sleep. Took two months to get my digestion back after the season was over. But when I went out into the field"—Mr. Shevlin lifted his excellent shoulders inquiringly, and as I had enjoyed the sad pleasure of seeing him hit the Harvard line, he needed to say no more. "Good heavens, that man's going into a battle, and he don't know it yet!"

"Reno or Bust"

WELL, no ride with Tom Turtle on top a stage-coach through the finest English country in the snappiest fall weather could have been more splendid and exciting than the morning of the fight. The day dawned spotlessly clear, one of those still crystalline mornings which come in the thin dry air of the mountain desert country. The town was jammed. Miles, it seemed, of dusty Pullmans stretched down the tracks, above their dining-car roofs the blue smoke of the breakfast fires. From east and west other trains kept pouring in, and dustier still and honking gaily as they came, touring cars with ragged signs of "Reno, or Bust."

There were Indians, Chinamen, Hindus, New York wine-agents, and other queer fish, but above all it was a man's crowd—of husky men, boyish, in high spirits, talking at a great rate, and in the liveliest good humor, about the difficulties of getting breakfast, getting a shave, and about the prospects of the fight.

You must imagine a bright green little oasis, ten or fifteen miles across, set in a sort of dish of bare enclosing mountains—brown mountains with patches of yellow and olive-green and exquisite veils of mauve and amethyst, and at their tops, blazing white through the clear air, patches of austere snow. In the center of all this a great pine bear-pit had been raised, glaring white and hot in the blazing desert sun, and into this at 1.30 o'clock that afternoon 20,000 men were crowded with their eyes fixed on a little roped square in the center.

The betting was 10 to 6 or 7 on Jeffries and the talk about 1,000 to 1. You couldn't hurt him—Fitzsimmons had landed enough times to kill an ordinary man in the first few rounds, and Jeffries had only shaken his head like a bull and bored in. The negro might be a clever boxer, but he has never been up against a real fighter before. He had a yellow streak, there was nothing to it, and anyway, "let's hope he kills the coon."

A Scowling Brown Colossus

THAT was about the mental atmosphere as Lil' Artha', wrapped in a dressing-gown and smiling his half-puzzled, rather pleading smile, climbed into the ring. Old Billy Jordan, who has been announcing fights for fifty years or so, was just introducing the negro to the buzzing, hostile audience, when Jeffries, with a cloud of seconds and camp-followers behind him, climbed through the ropes.

I had a seat at the ringside, directly opposite him, and I can unhesitatingly state that I have never seen a human being more calculated to strike terror into an opponent's heart than this scowling brown Colossus as he came through the ropes, stamped like a bull pawing the ground before his charge, and, chewing gum rapidly, glared at the black man across the ring.

If looks could have throttled, burned, and torn to pieces, Mr. Jack Arthur Johnson would have disappeared that instant into a few specks of inanimate dust. The negro had his back turned at the moment, as he was being presented to the crowd on the opposite side. He did not turn round, and as he took his corner and his trainer and seconds, crowding in front of him, concealed the white man, a sort of hoot, wolfish and rather terrible, went up from the crowd. "He darsen't look at him! O-o-o! Don't let him see him! Don't let him see him!" And when Jeffries pulled off his clothes with a vicious jerk, and standing erect and throwing out his chest, jabbed his great arms above his head once or twice, I don't suppose that one man in a hundred in that crowd would have given two cents for the negro's chances.

Nor did many suspect until Johnson's left shot across to the white man's right eye in the sixth round and closed it—so strong and convincing was the Jeffries tradition, the contagion of the atmosphere, and that crouching, scowling gladiator—that the negro's finish was anything but a matter of time.

They had all seen or heard of that short, rather slow, piston-rod-like punch which the white man knew how to send with a

tremendous, if not spectacular, force into his opponent's side just under the lower right ribs. They saw him send it in, time and again apparently, and each time the crowd gave a sort of subdued, exultant grunt. When Johnson merely smiled his far-away smile, people supposed he must be shamming, and when those uppercuts of his shot up like lightning, they thought it was merely pretty, but didn't hurt.

When that blow got across in the sixth round, however, the cynicism of the white man's glare suddenly went dead and changed. His right eye blackened and closed, and the blood began to run down from his right nostril. He was fighting after that not to finish his opponent, but to save himself, to stave off what he probably knew, if the crowd did not yet suspect, nothing but chance could save him from. Mr. Jim Corbett, who, as Jeffries' second and following the quaint sportsmanship of the ring, had gone across to the corner nearest the negro between each of the earlier rounds to fix him with a sneering eye and wittily taunt and terrify him, lost his bright vaudeville smile. Once, when he called out to Johnson during a round, the negro, laughing across Jeffries' shoulder, gave him as good as he sent. Once a man far up in the seats called down to Johnson, "Why don't you smile now?" and the negro, who seemed to know everything that was going on in and out of the ring without at any time paying close attention, deliberately turned his head and smiled. He looked fierce occasionally, but that was only when he feinted. When something real and dangerous was to be done, he was apparently dreaming placidly as the flowers of May.

A Mirage for the Multitude

THE rest is an old story now—how the big man, bleeding, beaten, but glaring stubbornly out of his one good eye, bored steadily in as the bull charges the matador toward the end of his fight; how, suddenly, the main drama about which had gathered such a curiously modern and top-heavy mountain of accessories, rushed to its swift and unexpected conclusion. In the thirteenth round the crafty black turned loose for a moment, and it was all over then but the shouting.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth rounds, however, the old champion came crouching back, groggy but willing; in the fifteenth there was a quick clash, and all at once his tree-like legs caved in, and the great hairy-brown hulk, which had never been knocked down before nor beaten, sank close to the ropes. The crowd didn't cheer. It rose and stood and stared, as if the solid ground beneath it were turning to a mirage.

At the count of nine Jeffries got to his feet, only to be sent back again, this time between the ropes. His camp followers, forgetting themselves in the desperation of the moment, pushed him to his feet, but it was only to stagger across the ring and go down again, and for the last time, on the other side.

They lifted the fallen idol and slapped his big shoulders and led him away; men rushed down and hopped over the sputtering telegraph instruments, to cut the ropes and floor canvas into souvenirs, and Mr. Jack Arthur Johnson, with only a slightly cut lip, rode back to camp in his automobile with a harder road ahead of him than any he ever yet has traveled—the gilded, beguiling pathway of him who is not climbing but has arrived.

The After-Effect

THE white race, whose supremacy this contest was going to establish, must, naturally, have been as dead as the Aztecs or the Incas; but the representatives of it in Reno seemed to battle their way into the overflowing restaurants to-night with their usual interest, to smoke their black cigars with their customary zest, and gaze out at the pink and lavender lights turning to purple and ashes in the distant mountains with the usual air of equanimity. They reasoned, I believe, that there hadn't been any fight, that Jeffries was only a shell of a man, and it wasn't certain that they were convinced that he even had any arms.

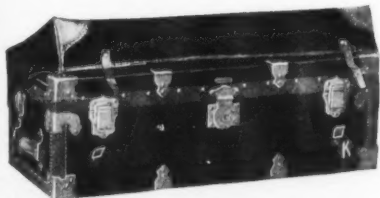
That was all very well after the event and for those who forget how things stood when the battle opened. But any one who happened to see, from Johnson's corner, the face of Jim Jeffries as he climbed into the ring, and felt the focused mind and heard the taunts and jeers of the hostile crowd, knows that it took something more than boxing skill for that black man to go out and meet his fate; that he had concentration right enough if it didn't show on the outside, and stood on his own feet and thought for himself, and fought and vanquished a brave opponent cleanly and like a brave man.



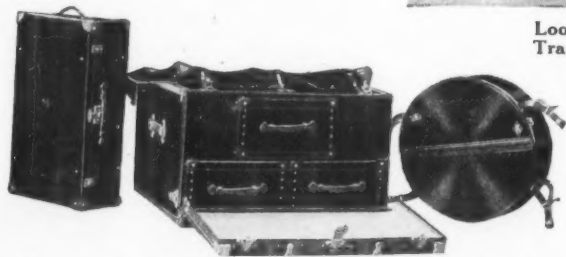
Small trunk made to fit trunk rack on 1910 American Traveller, and showing suit-cases.



Extra large trunk made to fit cut-in back of Packard touring car.



Small Kamlee trunk, specially designed to fit Hupmobile, showing waterproof covering removed.



Extra large Kamlee trunk, made to fit rear platform of Buick roadster, with rumble seat removed. Tire trunk is also shown.

The Kamlee Auto Trunk

Is an absolute necessity in the equipment of any motor car—whether it is used for cross-country touring, or city driving. The Trunk itself contains two or more suit cases, enabling the various members of a touring party to take individual baggage to their respective rooms—without detaching trunk from car—Furthermore, it is

Guaranteed Rain-Proof and Dust-Proof

Our careful method of construction enables us to make this broad guarantee—that no particle of dust or drop of water can penetrate the exterior trunk—thereby making the inside cases doubly safe.

Although our regular trunk fits most models, the Kamlee can be

Made to Fit Any Car

It is handsome, practicable, durable, adds to the appearance of any car, and is the time-liest accessory of the year. We are rapidly establishing agencies in the larger cities, but if your dealer doesn't carry the Kamlee, write us for price-list and descriptive booklet.

THE KAMLEE COMPANY

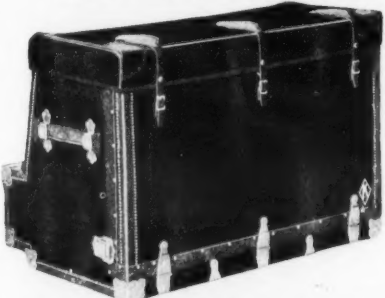
Huron and Milwaukee Streets
MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.

BRANCHES

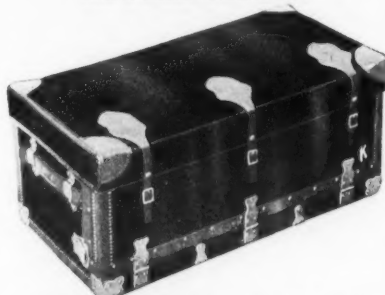
CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO
SYRACUSE KANSAS CITY
INDIANAPOLIS PONCE, P. R. HONOLULU, H. T.



Auto trunk, showing special arrangement of interior made to order of purchaser.



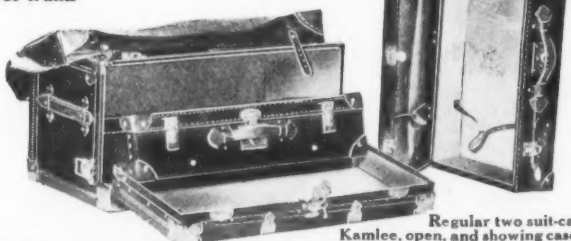
Kamlee trunk, specially designed to fit cut-in back of Matheson touring car.



Regular Kamlee showing heavily re-inforced covering used on all Kamlee trunks.

Look for this
Trade-mark

in lower right-hand
corner of trunk



Regular two-suit-case Kamlee, open, and showing cases.

"MADE BY TRUNK-MAKERS

WHO ARE MOTORISTS"

The
Overland

The Overland's War on Cost

The most significant event in the past year of motordom has been the Overland's war on cost. Millions have been invested—myriads of costly machines installed—to give you better cars for less money.

For years the main problem in automobiles was to create a perfect machine, regardless of cost. But that was pretty well solved—by a dozen good makers—before the Overland entered the field.

This is a new era, and the new problem is to minimize the cost. The rivalries of the future will be in economies. The car which leads from this time on will be the car which gives most for the money.

It is there that the Overland has outstripped its rivals. On these lines it has gained the leading place in this field. It has done more than all others to lessen the cost of making good automobiles.

This has required an army of experts and millions of dollars. It has compelled the abandonment of hundreds of old machines. It has required the building of countless machines, to perform each operation in the most exact, most economical way.

But the cost of Overlands has been cut 20 per cent within the past year alone. And every cent of the saving has gone to Overland buyers. As a result, Overland sales for the current year will exceed \$24,000,000.

Modern Machinery

Each Overland factory is now equipped with modern automatic machines. There are rows upon rows of them—floor after floor filled with them.

There are single machines which cost as high as \$7,500, but they save a few dollars on every car. There are hundreds of machines which cost thousands of dollars each.

Over a quarter million dollars is invested in jigs alone. That is more than the entire factory investment of many a maker who attempts to compete with us.

Every dollar of our profit, from the very beginning, has been spent in this model equipment. At this time the investment exceeds \$3,000,000.

But every machine cuts the cost of some part. And the sum of these savings—on the thousands of parts which go into a car—amounts to several hundred dollars per car.

But these automatic machines do more than cut cost. They give us exactness to the thousandth part of an inch. They make every similar part exactly alike. If an Overland part ever breaks or wears out, any similar part which ever comes from our factory will fit just the same as the old part.

Some of the Savings

We have boring machines which enable one man to do more than a dozen men did in the old way. We have new nut-making machines, each of which does the work of six men and six old-time machines.

We have a machine which mills out the whole crank case at one operation, saving us three-fourths of the old cost.

We have built a separate plant for crank shafts—a \$150,000 investment. But we are making our crank shafts, as a result, at an enormous saving over our previous cost.

We have electric welding machines, each of which does the work that twenty men did without it.

Once the metal back of a tonneau had to be hammered in shape by hand. Now a press and dies—costing \$20,000—stamp out the back in one operation. And the back is smooth and exact.

Our new aluminum foundry saves us \$300 per day on aluminum parts, under the lowest cost elsewhere.

There are hundreds of such savings—some little, some much. Each means a better and cheaper part.

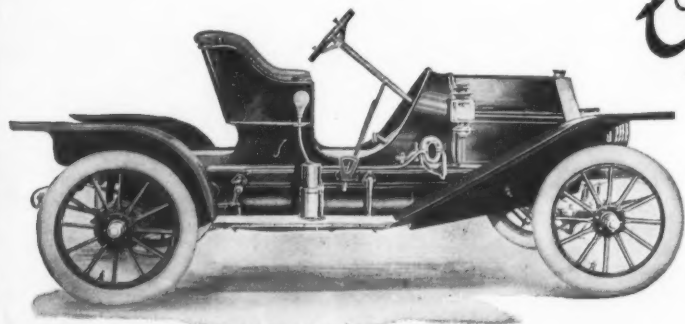
Buying Economies

We have on hand at this writing over a million dollars' worth of tires. We bought them under a contract made before late advances. The saving to you runs from \$40 to \$60 per car.

We also have on hand a wealth of other material bought below today's market price.

Those are some of the reasons why smaller makers cannot meet Overland prices. They cannot afford this modern machinery, so they buy the parts we make. They cannot stock up on a favorable market, so they buy from hand to mouth.

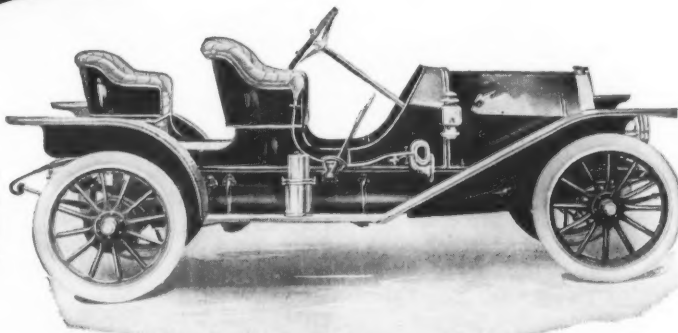
They must use hand work where we use machines. Their costs are all maximum—ours are all minimum. It is that—and not quality—which makes up the difference between Overland prices and others.



This is the \$1,000 Overland—25-horsepower—102-inch wheel base. Price with single rumble seat, \$1,050; with double rumble seat, \$1,075; with complete toy tonneau, \$1,100.

The
Overland

All prices include mag-neto and full lamp equipment



This is the 40-horsepower Overland for \$1,250. Wheel base 112 inches.

Some Overland

The
Overland

Extravagance

We have told you about our economies—now let us deal with some counter extravagance. For there is many a way in which we spend more than good engineers deem necessary. Judge for yourself the advantage.

Every important material which enters into an Overland is the best that we know for the purpose.

Many a part could be made of cheaper material, and nine times in ten it would serve equally well. But we insist on the best that any price can buy, simply as a margin of safety.

This is not true of materials used merely for show. There we employ various grades. So our cheapest cars lack some of the trappings—some of the finish—found in our costlier cars.

But every Overland, in its important parts, is as good as men know how to make it. Were you willing to pay us twice the price we could give you nothing better.

1,000 Inspections

We have a small army of highly paid experts who do nothing but inspect Overland parts and material. The various parts of each Overland car are subjected to more than a thousand inspections.

Each material is inspected, then each separate part. Then each combination of parts is inspected.

Then each completed car—in the hands of an expert—is given at least two road tests, over rough roads and hills.

We are told that the Overland is inspected and tested better than any other car in the world. We are told that we waste quite a neat sum per car by what is called over-exactness.

But we avoid mistakes. If an error occurs it is always corrected before the car goes to its owner. Now the Overland has a reputation—as wide as America—for being a trouble-proof car.

Other Extremes

Each Overland crank shaft, before being attached to the engine, is revolved six thousand times in its bearings. Thus the bearings are ground into each other. They are fitted in the only way which gives them absolute smoothness.

Then each engine is run, under its own power, for 48 hours before it goes into the car. That is why an Overland never needs breaking in. It runs smoothly, easily, quietly right from the start.

We employ the direct drive and the unit transmission—all in a dust-proof case. We employ the five-bearing crank shaft used in all the costliest cars. Some economical makers use only two bearings on the lower-powered cars.

The four cylinders are all cast separately, even in our cheapest car. Some makers save much by casting them together.

So in every part. There is no skimping on materials—no economizing in the form of construction. Nor do we employ any piece work on Overlands. Every workman takes his time.

As a result, each Overland car—on the average—sells four others like it.

Overland Prices

A 25-horsepower Overland sells this year for \$1,000. It has a 102-inch wheel base—a possible speed of 50 miles an hour.

A 40-horsepower Overland, with single rumble seat, sells for \$1,250. The wheel base is 112 inches. Every price includes gas lamps and magneto.

So with every model. The man who knows cars is always amazed when he sees what the Overland gives for the money.

But remember this: There are 275 makers of automobiles. And their average production in a whole year is less than the Overland's output for four days. To the average maker, the Overland facilities are utterly out of the question.

If you will mail us this coupon we will send you pictures of all the Overland cars. We will give you all of the prices—tell you all the facts. Please cut it out—now before you forget it—and mail it to us today.

We have dealers in 800 towns.

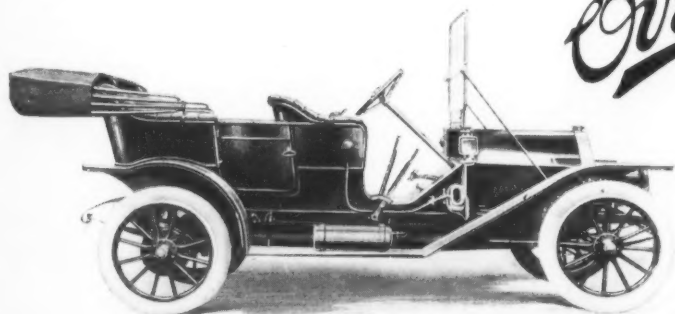
M 70
The Willys-Overland Company
Toledo, Ohio

Send me the facts about

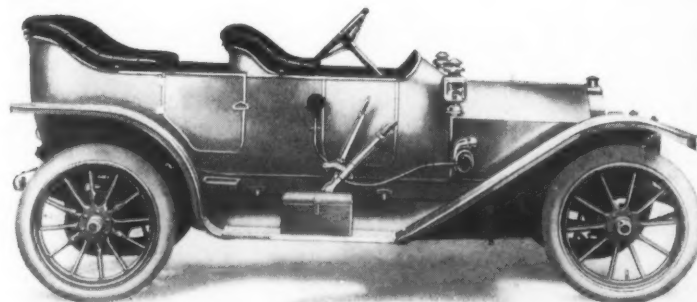
Passenger Cars ☐

Delivery Cars ☐

The Marion-Overlands ☐



Licensed
Under
Selden
Patent



Other Overland Models cost \$1,300, \$1,400 and \$1,500, according to style of body, etc.

The Marion-Overland, with touring body, costs \$1,850. Also made as racing roadster, as town car and with torpedo body.

(97)

LOOSE FITTING B. V. D.
Underwear is the short cut to comfort when the sun grills. Every genuine B. V. D. garment has on it

This Red Woven Label



We make no garments without it.

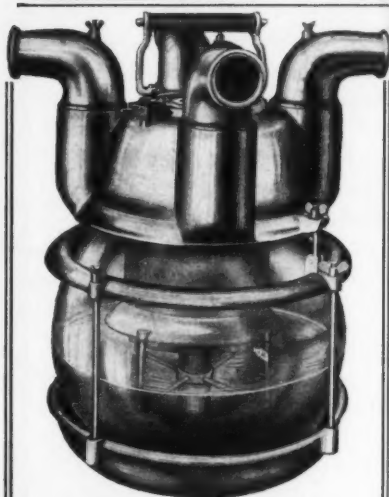
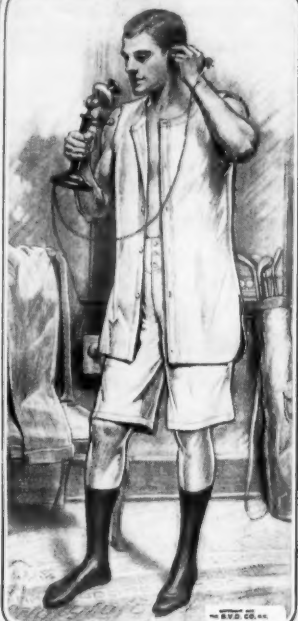
Coat Cut Undershirts, AND Knee Length Drawers.

50c., \$1.00 and \$1.50 a garment.

Sold by nearly every shop everywhere.

THE B. V. D. COMPANY,
65 Worth Street, New York.

Makers of "B. V. D." Union Suits (Pat. 4-30-07),
\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$3.00 a suit.



Purify the Air You Breathe

THE Duntley Air Washer clears and cools the air like a good thunder shower, by actually washing it, making it sweet and pure and as full of life as a breeze from the surf. Nothing else like it on the market. One in your home or office guards you against the dangers of foul atmosphere. Has much more beneficial effect than ordinary electric fan, for the air passing through water is thoroughly cooled and washed, as well as circulated.

The air we ordinarily breathe in houses is stagnant—chuck full of germs and impurities. The

Duntley Air Washer

cleanses and revitalizes the interior atmosphere. Air may be delicately scented by adding a few drops of perfume to water.

Made by the manufacturer of the famous Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner. Write for description and prices.

Duntley Manufacturing Company
Department C, Harvester Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Typewriter Secrets Brought Into Daylight

To the man who is content to pay the full price for a standard typewriter, without question, we have nothing to say.

But to the man who is not satisfied we offer food for thought.

Our new selling plan makes it possible for you to buy a typewriter of standard name and fame, at one-half the market price and on very small payments.

These typewriters represent the climax of countless superiorities found only in the best makes, besides many exclusive features not contained in any other.

This selling plan is not founded on theory—not on guesswork—but on actual, provable economy, which obtains for you the exact value you pay for it.

Send for free information giving you the inside facts—the secrets. Learn how you can save one-half the full price and about the easy payments without interest—how you can obtain a standard visible writer in your home or office on five days' free trial—no deposit.

We will not send a salesman or agent—we won't try persuasion.

It costs you nothing to investigate—we will gladly tell you all about it and then leave it all to you—Write.

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE
831 Masonic Temple, Chicago

I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL

I won the World's First Prize in Penmanship. By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. I also teach Book Keeping and Shorthand. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman write me. I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Penmanship Journal. Write today. C. W. RANSOM, 289 Reliance Bldg., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Rémoh Gems

Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—brilliance guaranteed forever—stands filing and fire like a diamond—has no paste, foil or artificial backing. 1-20th the cost of diamonds. Set only in solid gold mountings. A marvelously reconstructed gem. Not an imitation. Guaranteed to retain no glass. Sent on approval. Write for Catalog. It is free.

Rémoh Jewelry Co., 543 N. Bldway, St. Louis

BINDER FOR COLLIER'S, \$1.25 Express Prepaid

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price.

ADDRESS

COLLIER'S, 416 West 13th Street, New York

"We like our Simonds Saw and think it just about perfect"—such is the testimony of thousands of pleased users of

SIMONDS SAWS



A handy thing to have about the house.

The quality of the steel used and improved methods in making, tempering and testing have given Simonds Saws an enviable reputation. Their excellence is the result of 78 years of saw making experience.

Ask your dealer and look for trade mark on the blade. Send for "The Carpenter's Guide Book"—Free.

SIMONDS MFG. CO., Fitchburg, Mass.
Chicago Portland San Francisco
New Orleans
New York
Seattle

"Court" Circles at Wisconsin

(Concluded from page 16)

pose," I asked, "the best catch of all should come here from a great distance or for some reason should arrive entirely unknown to all the societies?"

The immediate answer of the four was that the girl who was now probably the most popular girl in the university fitted the case exactly. So far as they knew, she had as yet never been asked to join a sorority.

The die once cast, it seemed that scholastic or athletic honors or universal popularity had never, with very few exceptions, caused a girl to have her trunk sent from a boarding-house to a sorority headquarters.

My friends admitted that a certain number of girls came to the university who were forbidden by their parents to join a sorority, others who had not been asked to become members conscientiously kept away from them; but no one could remember a case when a girl who was free to act as she chose, and after she had had the opportunity of looking over the situation, had ever refused to become a member of a sorority.

The Community Spirit of the House

LATE that same afternoon I went to a tea at another of the houses on the Court, and at which I was the only male guest. Thirty girls received me in a big, dimly lit, low-ceilinged drawing-room, and, having put me in front of a fire of blazing logs, gathered about in three semicircles and proceeded to make me as genuinely content and as much at my ease as if I had been sitting before the broad, open hearth with only one girl instead of thirty and as if the one girl was the one girl of all.

Incidentally, they gave me some very good sandwiches and a cup of tea, but I have eaten many sandwiches and drunk much tea in many different places.

The two things which I shall remember, and I think I shall remember them always, were the kindly, gracious hospitality to a young man in a new and somewhat difficult position, and the picture of the thirty girls sitting in the darkened room with their arms about each other and the triple row of faces lit by the open fire.

From here I went next door to the house of my friends of the automobile ride. The freshman opened the front door for me, which was her duty, and at supper I sat at her right, which I hope was her pleasure.

We had the ice-cream and even the salad and many other good things to eat, and between courses the thirty or forty girls at the two long tables sang with much harmony and spirit the songs of the university as well as those of their own sorority.

It was all very cheerful and very amusing, and I know that if ever I should return to Madison and go up the steps of that particular house, I should unconsciously fumble in my pocket for my latch-key—because, above all, it was so very much like home. A little later in the evening I paid my first visit to the colonial house which had first attracted me to the Court, and where all the girls seem to affect red sweaters. Another long, low room, darkly paneled, and at the far end another great fireplace of brick and stone surrounded by heavy wooden benches.

The girls left their work and gathered on the seats about the fire and chatted and sang songs, and did it with just as much apparent interest and pleasure as if I had been the stroke of the Wisconsin crew or some other hero and was not keeping them from their studies or older friends.

As an incident which shows the commonwealth spirit of the sorority houses, I discovered that only three of the girls really owned red sweaters, but that the power of any one who wore one of them was so thoroughly recognized that the magic garments were always hung in the hallway ready for any members to whom they might prove of the greatest momentary assistance.

Charming Boudoirs

THE next day I lunched at the same house, and afterward the girls took up the rugs of the big sitting-room and danced, and still later the girl who had been playing waltzes on the piano suddenly broke into ragtime. So very up-to-date were the melodies and so wonderfully did she play them that one could easily see the white lights of Broadway. Before I left, the chaperon and some of the girls took me through several of their chintz-draped bedrooms. Not only were

these charming rooms lacking in the usual display of streamers and nets and the strange junk so dear to the undergraduates, but unless the young ladies of this sorority happen to marry iron magnates from Pittsburg, I do not see, so far as bedrooms are concerned, how they can ever expect to do very much better.

Opinions Pro and Con

IT WAS early afternoon, and we all sat in deep wicker chairs talking things over and watching the robins hopping about the sunlit lawn. The Court was very quiet, and there was an air of calm and content and a delightful restfulness which pervaded the whole place. The Cynic seemed the most content of all. He was a young man with a broad forehead and a strong jaw and vivid opinions on all subjects, and, having decided to give up the rest of his recitations and lectures for that day, was greatly enjoying the ease of his favorite chair on the porch of his favorite sorority house.

"What is the matter with sororities?" I asked. "I can't see any other side to the shield."

The Cynic smiled. "Plenty the matter, they're undemocratic."

The girls sitting about smiled lazily at the charge, and from my own experience I knew that it was unfair.

"Rubbish," said the brunette in the purple dress. "Don't we give dances to non-sorority girls every Wednesday, and aren't they in and out of the place all of the time? Some of the best friends I have are independents."

"Independents," growled the Cynic, "that's what they call themselves, and they pretend they're happy in their boarding-houses, but all of you know that they're eating out their hearts."

"Even the most popular girls?" I asked.

"Certainly. The sororities run the dances and pretty much everything else. Even if it was only a question of accommodations, a man isn't going to call on a girl in a hot stuffy parlor of a boarding-house." He glanced significantly at the cool porch and the pretty lawn. The Cynic had such violent views, and as the young women on the porch seemed to rather enjoy hearing him rave, I could not resist asking him another question. "What makes a girl sought after by a sorority?"

"Clothes," he said, "and money and family position."

The Unwritten Story

AT THIS there was a cry of protest, and one of the freshmen looked down at her own simple dress. One girl believed that family was the chief factor, another claimed that it was the promise of high honors in scholarship or athletics, still another admitted that in certain societies money and smart clothes might have some little effect, but the majority agreed that it was the girl with the most admirable and altogether lovable qualities who was the most sought after.

When I left them they were still fighting it out with the Cynic, who was protesting genially that the Court was entirely inhabited by snobs, which, of course, was his idea of humor, because I am sure that neither he nor I have ever met a set of girls more kindly and more womanly than these.

Now that I am far away from the sway of Irving Place, the odor of its flowers, the cool shade of its trees, the sloping lawns with the funny friendly squirrels, and, last but certainly not least, the gracious young women who rule its destinies, I find that the Court really has no story. That is, of course, if we exclude the probable tradition of all coeducational places—"And so they were married and lived happily ever after." If there is a story of the sororities, I should think that it might be the story which has neither been told nor written—the story of the girl who was of the five hundred and who had had the least to do with the sororities. I mean the story of the girl who had bent all her energies to building up her mind and her body, who for four years had fed her intellect on the brains of a great university, and for all of that long time had never known the throb of its heart. It is a story that may occur to this girl when in after life she feels a certain longing to return to her college town, and yet for whom there is no particular place where they are waiting for her return. The story may also occur to her still later on in life when her whole interest is centered in the future of a girl of her own blood and bone. There may be a story in this, or there may not be. I don't know, and certainly the girl won't tell.

We Spend Millions in Profitable Advertising

Lord & Thomas do—as every good publisher knows—the largest advertising business that is done in America. And last year's business was \$2,347,851 ahead of the year before.

All this business is done with very slight expense for soliciting. Our few road men are experts whose main occupation is in caring for accounts which we have.

Our new business comes to us almost entirely because of what we have done for others.

Our annual increase is almost wholly made up by expansion in accounts which we have proved out and developed.

Nearly all of this advertising—all save accounts still in the stage of experiment—is done with a visible profit to the advertiser.

Among our hundreds of clients you will find more advertising successes—and greater successes—than anywhere else in the world.

All Due to Able Men Working Together

Our success is due solely to the fact that we have gathered here the ablest men in the business.

And here—where hundreds of campaigns are being constantly conducted—these men reach their greatest development.

They become so nearly infallible that we rarely accept an experimental account which doesn't come out as anticipated.

And they develop these accounts—often from little beginnings—until last year's growth was \$2,347,851.

Our profit on this business—the largest of its kind—is but little more than two per cent.

All the balance of our commission is spent to make our work pay. Most of it goes to these competent men.

Money-making for ourselves is not the sole aim of our business. We value equally the prestige which comes from doing big things in the ablest possible way.

Thoroughness

Another secret of our success lies in thoroughness. We never rely on opinions or theories. We go to the source for the facts.

We learn many of our selling arguments by sending able men to canvass from house to house.

We keep men on the road to investigate trade conditions, to know at all times what our clients have to contend with.

In one food campaign which we recently worked out we employed over 150 men to gather the needed facts.

We often spend in these ways many times our commission on the first campaign.

No Contracts

No Commitments

Our clients are asked to sign no long-time contracts. They make no commitments as to what they will spend.

If we accept an account it is because we believe that it holds good possibilities. And, without any regard for immediate profit, we are willing to work them out.

When we adopted this policy ten years ago we were told that our ideas were chimerical. It was considered financially impossible to expend costly talent in working out trial campaigns.

Then it was thought that no advertising agency could ever grow great solely through campaigns that pay.

But here is the largest agency that ever existed. Here is the largest volume of advertising that ever went out through one channel. And every account that we handle is known to be profitable to the advertiser, save the few which are still in the state of experiment.

We should like to have you judge what we can do for you by what we have done for hundreds. If you will simply say that you will talk things over we will send you a man who knows.

LORD & THOMAS

Newspaper, Magazine and Outdoor Advertising

Corner 5th Avenue and 28th Street . . . NEW YORK
Corner Wabash Avenue and Randolph Street, CHICAGO
New England Representative, Globe Building, BOSTON



WANTED--RIDER AGENTS

"Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. Write at once for full particulars and special offer.
NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S., without a cent deposit in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.
LOW FACTORY PRICES—We furnish the highest grade bicycles at a profit of only one cent above actual factory cost. You save \$10 to \$25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of factory prices and remarkable special offer.
YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the wonderful low prices we can make you. We sell the highest grade bicycles at lower prices than any other factory. We are satisfied with \$1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS**, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.
SECOND HAND BICYCLES—A limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at \$3 to \$8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.
TIRES, COASTER BRAKE—rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices.
DO NOT WAIT—but write today for our Large Catalogue beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

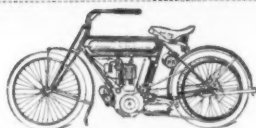
MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. A-54 CHICAGO, ILL.



MONEY IN MUSHROOMS
WRITE FOR BIG ILLUS. FREE BOOKLET showing our beds and learn how to grow mushrooms in cellars, stables, boxes, out-doors, etc. Either sex, 300 p. c. profit; markets waiting. We were first 25 years experience. National Spores & Mushroom Co., Dept. 54 Hyde Park, Mass.

WAYLAND ACADEMY

Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, Est. 1855. Christian co-educational home school, 8th grade to 1st year college, all courses, 5 buildings; 20-acre campus; athletic field; half-mile track; large lake offers recreation. Endowment \$250,000; expenses \$250. Piano, vocal music, elocution, stenography. Send for catalog. EDWIN P. BROWN, P. O. Box 38.



If you only knew how useful the M. M. Motorcycle would be to you, we would have your order at once. It rides easily, without noise or vibration. It is controlled and steered almost unconsciously. When fitted with the free engine clutch, will run from 1/2 to 50 miles an hour. No pedalling to start. It starts like an automobile.

Get our catalog and book "Sparks" American Motor Co., 810 Centre St., Brockton, Mass.

School Information

Free catalogues and advice of all Boarding Schools in U. S. (State whether girls' or boys'). AMERICAN SCHOOL ASSOCIATION'S BUREAU 935 Broadway, New York, or 1515 Masonic Temple, Chicago



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That's why you should insist on the use of

VELOX

by those who finish your pictures. It's the highest quality paper they can buy—the paper that will give the best possible print from every negative.

And further, the man who uses a high class, high price paper is the man most likely to employ skillful help and good chemicals—the man most likely to do good developing as well as good printing.

If you do your own printing, ask us or your dealer for a copy of the Velox Book.

NEPERA DIVISION,
EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

COLGATE'S TRADE RIBBON MARK DENTAL CREAM

COMES OUT A RIBBON

LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH

Guard well your teeth—for they are guardians of your health.

Give them the protection of this delicious dentifrice that antiseptically **Cleans, Preserves, Polishes**

Trial tube sent for 4 cents
COLGATE & CO.
55 John Street, New York
Dept. W.

KEEP YOUR RAZOR SHARP

Don't blame the razor if it dulls quickly. Maybe it's your fault. Rub a few drops of 3-in-One oil on your razor stop. When leather is pliable stop as usual. Any razor will cut easier, better and stay sharp longer. After using, draw blade between thumb and finger moistened with 3-in-One. This prevents rust, keeps edge smooth and keen, always sharp and ready for immediate use. Don't scrape your face. Use 3-in-One on your razor and shave right. Write for liberal free sample and special scientific circular. Try it yourself.

3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY 121 New St., New York

5 ROMPERS \$1

Dealers' and Middlemen's Profits Eliminated. Choice of Pink or Blue Checked Chambray with neck, collar and belt bound in white. Assorted Checked and Striped Madras with yoke, rolling collar, belt and pocket piped in white. Tan or Cadet Blue Linen—the highest grade, dressy patterns, with rolling collar; yoke and cuffs piped in white, belt piped and lined. An excellent suit that wears like buckskin. State size and colors desired when you order. Sizes 2 to 6 years. All charges prepaid and goods guaranteed as represented. Consumers' Apron Co. 81 Clymer Street Brooklyn, N.Y.

ALMA COLLEGE

Educates sensibly. Picked faculty, thorough instruction. Attractive situation, climate. Good food; home cooking. Preparatory. Collegiate. Music, Art, Education, Domestic Science. Tuition low. Write R. L. Warner, M.A., D.D., President, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada, for terms, prospectus.

The Best **HAYNES** Advertisement Is the **CAR** Itself

ANOTHER REMARKABLE HAYNES CAR

In 1909 we startled the motor world by placing the Haynes "Model 19" 5-passenger touring car on the market at the astonishingly low price of \$2000.

The effect upon the trade and public was instantaneous. Within 30 days from the time our first announcement had appeared in the National Magazines we had *definite, advance payment orders* for more cars than we could make.

This new model not only appealed to the man who was considering paying \$3000 for a car, and who saw in this Haynes an opportunity of saving \$1000 on his purchase—

But it appealed to the man who found that by paying only \$500 more than the cost of a *temporary* car of common quality it was possible for him to get a car of *known* quality and reputation that would prove a *permanently satisfactory investment*.

Probably no other car that has ever been put on the market has been as critically examined by experts as was this new Haynes.

Other manufacturers of high-grade cars were anxious to know what manner of car this "Model 19" was, and the one criticism that was made was that it was financially impossible to put out a car of the Haynes "Model 19" quality at \$2000 and make a profit.

They predicted that either it would be necessary for us to reduce the quality or increase the price.

We have done neither.

Aside from minor *improvements*—a wider, roomier tonneau, longer wheel base, etc.,—the car remains unchanged, and it also remains the most remarkable automobile value ever put on the market.

Only
\$500 More
or
\$1000 Less

THE HAYNES "MODEL 20" FOR 1911

This is the latest model of the car that marked a new era in the purchase price of high-grade cars. It has 35-40 horse-power.

It has a longer, roomier tonneau than last year's model.

It has 114-inch wheel base.

It is not only *fully equipped*, but the equipment is of the *best grade obtainable*.

For example every car will be supplied with the well-known Warner Auto Meter—costing three times as much as most of the speedometers that are put on cars. (Only a speedometer of this quality is entitled to be *put on a car like the Haynes*.)

All other equipment is of like character.

Last year's phenomenal response to our announcement of a Haynes at \$2000 convinced us that the large majority of buyers prefer a car of *known* quality if it can be had at *anywhere near* the price asked for common-quality cars.

And the fact that the 1910 Haynes was the first serious attempt to meet this demand gave the car a decidedly enviable place among better grade cars.

This year's "Model 20," with its *added refinements*, is the best possible evidence that we propose to *maintain the Haynes supremacy*.

Orders are already in for early Fall deliveries on these cars and we strongly advise those who are contemplating the purchase of a *permanent* car of *known* merit and reputation, to communicate with us, or our local representatives *at once*.

Send coupon for detailed information.

We will also put out a limited number of big 7-passenger palace cars, with 50 horse-power, for those who prefer a car of this size.

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

114 Main Street
KOKOMO, INDIANA



\$2,000.00 Fully Equipped

Top, Dust Hood, Glass Front, Prest-O-Lite Tank, \$75.00
Warner Auto Meter, Bosch Dual System Magneto, Robe and
Foot Rail, Gray & Davis Lamps—and All

MADE IN TOURING, SUBURBAN AND HIKER MODELS

TO DEALERS

REPLY BLANK

Just a word to dealers. As is our usual custom, we are only manufacturing a limited number of Haynes cars for 1911. Last year our output was fairly "grabbed" by telegraph. This year in our Model 20 Haynes we are offering even a greater value, and have unquestionably, in this Model 20, the best and quickest selling car on the market. We want only thoroughly reputable dealers handling the Haynes cars. To such dealers, who may be interested, we suggest getting into quick communication with our factory.

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, 114 Main St., Kokomo, Indiana

Please send me your printed matter, testimonials, and the names of prominent owners of Haynes cars, together with such other information as is important to prospective automobile buyers.

Name
Town
State